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BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND,

AND OTHER PIECES,

With Historical Notes.

BY

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ETC., ETC.



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BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND,

AND OTHER PIECES.

BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND.

CANTO I.

When youthful fancies filled my buoyant soul,
And nature's glories wide before mine eye
Beamed rich o'er moor and mountain, sea and sky,
And pent-up warm devotion saw no goal
To rest from admiration ; all in thee
Was beauty limitless, and ever shone
Resplendent in thy majesty, as we
Bowed to adore before thy lofty throne,
My own, my mother land, my Caledon !

And thou hast grown upon me as the spark
Grows to a flame ; that flame will never die
Till life hath, like a vision passing by,
Vanished, and left me silent in the dark
Cold tomb of death. Thou ever wilt be mine ;
Love of my heart, inspire me but to sing,
Like yon high soaring lark, of thee and thine,
Till the glad mountains and the valleys ring,
And I, thy child, to thee more fondly cling.

Dunedin, Queen of Cities, in her pride,
High on her hills of ages boldly stands,
In grand Athenian loveliness commands
The beauty of a kingdom vast and wide,
Herself the gorgeous palace-home of kings.
Ancient in honours, with her glories crowned
In stern and chaste magnificence, that brings
True homage to her, and the lusty round
Of praise that swells to honest fame profound.

'Tis not thy frowning fortress, huge and high,
Still boldly towering through the mist of time ;
'Tis not thy Crag of Salisbury sublime ;
Nor seat of Arthur, gazing on the sky
Like a huge lion calmly at his ease,
And at the thunder shakes his shaggy mane ;
Nor all thy Royal piles ; 'tis more than these—
The stirring memories of the past will gain
The patriot's steps to worship at thy fane.

Thou'rt sacred to us by the deeds of yore,
And virtues of our monarchs, who could send
Defiance to the tyrant, and defend
Our freedom with their legions stern and bold.
Thou'rt sacred to us by the honours won
On fields of daring, and the blessings brought
To us unborn. Thy eloquence hath shone
A beauty in thee, and its power unbought
Stood to the rights for which our fathers fought.

Genius hath raised thy temple of the mind,
City of scholars, and the muses found
A home in thee ; thy friendly welcome bound
The mighty to thee ; thou wert ever kind.

When merit sought thee, thou hast ever been
What Athens was to Greece, and hither sent
Wisdom and might, till Liberty can lean
Upon her sword. In thee hath genius blent
Soldier and sage—a mighty battlement.

Far in yon vale, where rosy Roslin peers
In tranquil beauty through a sea of leaves,
Bright, playful Esk in merry frolic heaves
Her laughing wavelets, and yon fort'lice rears
Its aged brow above the sylvan glen.
And scans sweet Habby's Howe and Mary's bower,
Sacred to love, the birch and copsewood den,
Immortalising Pentland with the power
Of Ramsay's pen till time's last numbered hour.

Caved seat of Drummond, bard of Hawthornden,
Blossomed with eglantine and harebell blue,
Look from thy cliff ; that scene beneath thy view
Is rich with freedom's laurels now as then.

It gleams with glory like a noon-day sun.
There came to us three victories in a day
Thrice brilliant to our arms—thrice fought and won
The brave Sir Simon's men ; and in the fray
The foe sank 'neath the crash they could not stay.

Fair Roslin, princely home of high St Clare—

First in the chase to seize the milk-white deer

And win from king and knights the lusty cheer—

In death thy barons long have slumbered there.

In armour clad, and crested, was the shroud

Wherein they loved to rest; and in the night,

Ere each departed, spectre noises loud

Shook the strong castle walls, and sheets of light

Blazed through the chapel vaults, pale, broad, and bright

Man loves to roam beyond his judgment's ken,

Through far realms and mysteries of the vast;

Brain-visions had of old a ruder cast,

The marvellous now was superstition then.

The innate power of our intelligence

Points to a home beyond this cloudy sphere,

And the soul soars its way for ever hence,

'Bove death still present, up to God still near,

On wings of thought that will not settle here.

Here, from Dunedin's hill of monuments,

The eye wide sweeps the Forth, and fancy wings

To brave Macduff's rude fort, whence history bring

Dark, ruthless deeds, within its battlements.

When clinging innocence imploring fell,

Whose wails for mercy gave a boundless charm

To hate, which roused the monster like a hell.

But great revenge rose hot in war's alarm

And smote the tyrant 'neath the father's arm.

Old, grey St. Andrews, first of Scotland's schools,
A halo round thy crumbled grandeur beams,
Thy grass-clad, silent streets in sorrow seems
To brood o'er greatness lost, and now befools
The bigot's arrogance. The martyr's doom
Hangs o'er thee like a curse; thy great events
Were murders, persecutions, and the gloom
Of pious hate, whose cause it ever rents,
Each smothered flame soon found a thousand vents.

Thy castle tower was hung with tapestry,
On velvet cushions leaned, in calm repose,
The merciless Beaton, as the fire arose,
And prelates smiled in arrogant array
As Wishart's blood dropped in the sparkling flame.
And tear drops fell in showers from melting heaven,
And shouts up from the hireling soldiers came.
The crowd was silent, and their hearts were riven
With pangs that smote their souls by nature driven.

Hail, faithful time, thy better days have come,
And reason rules where ruled the iron rod,
All creeds but take their different ways to God,
And men are nature's children all the same.
Though miserable tyrants load with chains,
Yet man will act as he is acted on.

The power of kindness true devotion gains.
Adieu, Dunedin! I must now be gone
To other scenes, and leave thee on thy throne.

There's heaven-born warm emotions of the mind
Present 'mid all of good and ill we do,
Keeps God-like virtue ever high in view
Adorned with all that elevates our kind.

We look through ages to the great of yore
Who left impressions that will ever keep,
And love them, e'en as they were loved before.
On moss-clad tablets of their graves we reap
Wisdom to climb up honour's lofty steep.

The palace shadow is on Lithgow Lake ;
Names of the mighty ever linger here.
And as we to its roofless chambers near
Shades of the noble to the mind awake :

The snowdown swan flocks sweep in stately mirth
Whose playful sires gave princes summer cheer ;
E'en now, as then, these living links on earth,
With full-arched swelling beauty still appear
Filled with the pride of all that's royal here.

For Southern sneers, brave Binny struck the blow
That swept them from these lands they could not keep
When from beneath his load of hay did leap
The stalwart band who fearless felled the foe,
And Scotland's banner waved upon yon tower
To tell her home of heroes was her own,
Sworn to be free, who in her mighty power,
Patient, unconquered, stubborn, stood upon
That will which placed her Bruce upon the throne.

While rebel ruffians, blustering through this room
With naked swords and murder in their eyes,
Bawled for their King with fierce and savage cries,
A lady sang, in beauty and in bloom,
"The rock and pickle tow," a merry strain
Span to the lilt, and whirled her humming wheel.
They swore and went, and swore and came again ;
She, dungeon deep, beneath her working heel,
The while her trembling monarch did conceal.

Women, whose thoughts of love and tender dreams,
Have charmed endearments to thy mind displayed,
Thy conquests at thy pretty feet have laid.
The conquerors of kingdoms, and there teems
A flood of passion from thee nerved to cling,
To nature's noblest feelings ever true,
When generous duty bids thou'rt known to spring
To deeds of daring, perils ever new,
And front the dangers man may fear to do.

A fancied revel roar rings in our ears
Of warriors loud, with triumph full of wine,
Hung round their warfare trophies seem to shine
Where stately stalked the guards of halberdiers,
The spectre monk adown the sombre aisle,
Who warned brave James to shun what he must yield,
Seems telling him how heaps of slain would pile
The flower of chivalry on Flodden field,
And strike to earth his sceptre and her shield.

Then deep romantic mysteries fill our soul,
As our reflections, gravely and intense,
See how with swift impetuous current hence
The tides of time o'er generations roll ;
While, gazing through the mansions of decay,
With creepers tangled on the storm-bleached walls,
Where kings whose voice in council bore the sway
The sparrow's chatter echoes through the halls
Of banished pomp. Ah ! how the mighty falls !

We picture noble lovers who appear
In burning raptures they can ne'er express ;
With faltering tongue he woos her in distress ;
She half consents, but leaves him still in fear ;
His young heart flutters lest his suit may fail.
Where they were happy in yon sweet retreat,
The rustling leaves seem whispering their tale
Of plot, intrigue and passion ; at our feet
Scenes of the past big with events we meet.

The howling tempest raved o'er Woodhouselee,
And cold sleet drifted down the Pentland hills ;
But colder than that night chill horror fills
The shuddering heart, when fancying we see
The lady of the wretched Bothwellhaugh
Thrust from her home, and smitten on the cheek
By villains, cruel as the plundering law
That bade her from the storm all mercy seek—
She who loved all the beautiful, the meek.

Cheerless she wandered in the rayless night,
Through woods and wilds, unsheltered and forlorn,
Friendless and desolate, through brier and thorn ;
Her good heart withered with a tearless blight,
Earth was to her a wilderness, and all
Was cold and callous to her as the tomb ;
Grief on her soul lay like a sable pall,
And madness came—the climax of her doom—
Love lost and stricken in eternal gloom.

Sad, aimless maniac, with dishevelled hair,
Torn out in shreds and scattered to the wind,
By passion's tempest tossed—her wreck of mind
Spoke in her eyes with wide unconscious stare,
Out from the heart where all her sorrows bled ;
And the loud babble and the laughter wild—
Whose mirth was frenzy—told her thoughts had fled ;
While to her breast she strained her weeping child,
And wailing, raved of wrongs upon her piled.

In Mary's cause, the partner of her heart
Had pined in dungeon bondage, dull and sad ;
Now she was lost who made his being glad,
And all her wrongs smote like a poisoned dart,
Leaving the venom cankering at the core ;
His days were tortures—they had ta'en their all—
A sycophant had robbed him o'er and o'er ;
Exalted with the spoil did greatly crawl
At court, and proudly triumphed o'er his fall.

Why was she persecuted for his crimes ?

Was not the spoiler, he who gave the gift,

By royal seal had legalised the theft ?

Thus reasoned Hamilton—in wrath betimes

Akin to frenzy—nursing in his breast

The keen, vindictive bitterness of hate

Which in his sullen heart did heavy rest,

In hope that made him live, and wait, and wait,

Till vengeance quenched with blood would satiate.

There is a point in suffering hard to try,

Beyond the which endurance cannot bear ;

And e'en the tyrant patience may not dare,

And martyrs deem it liberty to die,

And wronged and trampled nature will not bend,

But seeks relief in crimes through life to rue.

When all we loved has loved us to the end

And perished for us—innocent, but true—

God of our passions, what will man not do ?

At a lone window of yon ancient street,

With cocked and loaded arquebus in hand,

It was an age of agony to stand,

Till distant far his fiery eye did meet

Brave Murray coming ; then convulsive shook

His gloomy soul, and in his pallid face

Rose the dread tumult ; and his aim he took

Calmly and motionless, where none might trace

The demon deed that won for him disgrace.

Plumed warriors rode with stern and stately pride
Conspicuous 'mid the Regent's princely glare,
For ranks of bristling pikes and spears were there ;
And stalwart clansmen marshalled by his side ;
Ferocious Lindsay, whose rude iron hand
Made weeping Mary sign away her Crown ;
And hemmed him round a gay obsequious band
Of minions, courtiers, knights of old renown ;
And flags high waved mid shouts that shook the town.

On Murray's princely brow a clouded care
Dark lowered upon his soul, and mid their praise
His eye glanced 'with presentiment's anxious gaze,
As loudly cheered him many a noble fair.
O'er lusty laughter seemed a gloom around,
Then quickly reared his rich caparison'd steed,
A shot was heard, his body struck the ground,
And from his gushing wound did Scotland bleed,
And thousands yelled who saw that savage deed.

By horror stunned, the multitude grew pale,
With fierce and fiery rage in every eye,
" See yonder," cried they, " doth the villain fly."
Then many a knight swift over hill and dale
Followed the murderer hot upon his track ;
On, on, the distance furiously he led,
On, on they chased, but never took him back,
Covered with foam and mud, their spurred steeds bled,
Thus, here they came, and found their master dead.

For princely bounty ever flocks the swarm
Of truckling, creeping, plundering parasites,
Whose art is slander, with the smile that blights
And tongue that flatters with a poisoned charm.
The ear of kings will drink the traitor's cup,
Full sparkling as delusion's ruby wine,
Till every dreg of falsehood's swallowed up,
Oh, victim of subtility's design,
Confiding Murray, such a fate was thine.

Deep in the sheeny lake, now Synthia pale,
Her modest charms in mirrored beauty sees,
And through the gloom of ruins and the trees,
Beams from her throne of clouds where she doth sit
In queenly majesty high o'er the scene,
Where Lindsay sang amid the great and gay,
And Gibb's glib jests rose mirth in court and gr
And Queen-born Mary hailed her natal day,
Her dynasty hath past, her birth-home is decay.

High Tintock scans the vast and varied scene
Of Lanark vales, o'er winter's brooks of ice ;
Her gardens like a withered paradise,
Her fields of battles past, the glistening sheen
Of winding Clutha, as we near and near
The hidden cataracts through the sloping path
Of freezing plantings, where the pines up rear
Their snow-flake plumes of feathery hoar, that hat
Adorned awhile the briers of hill and strath.

The sound of many rivers in our ear
Loud rising, fills the welkin high and wide—
It is the foaming cascades of the Clyde.
Great Deity of Nature, see, they're here,
And raging like the demons of the flood,
Dashing and plunging in each deep ravine,
And leaping o'er the rocks, sweep through the wood—
On in fantastic chase that ne'er will tine,
While ages, like their waves, roll in their line.

Wide water sheets in floating clouds of spray,
From yon twin cauldrons, boiling deep and dun,
Wild weltering heave their vapours to the sun,
Or freeze on heights and snow-flaked woods display,
Nature's grand silver grotto glistening round
With fret-work and cathedral pillars clear,
Where grandeur fills the mind, and thoughts profound
Wander through ornaments that far outpeer
The sculptor's art, the painter's boasted sphere.

Glad wavelets lightly leaped o'er Cora Linn
On Marion of Clutha's marriage day.
With beaming smiles the brilliant sun was gay.
Fond hearts felt all his glow of love within,
The Queen of Naiads swelled the river strain,
Angelic water-nymphs joined in the song,
And pleasure held her universal reign—
And for the bride sweet joys were borne along,
All wished her bliss of years to tarry long.

And rainbow hues beamed on the water sheet,
And blended softly through the vapour mass,
Reflecting on the fall as in a glass.
The stream's twin woods were waving deep, while fleet
In liquid opulence, on swept our Queen
Of noble rivers down her devious way,
Through Nature's garniture and thickets green,
Like groves of Paradise where troutlets play,
And water fowls in flocks sport out their day.

The lovers sat—he watched her tender gaze,
And drank the sweet flute-music of her voice ;
They in each other's being did rejoice,
And poured their souls forth in each other's praise.
The sum of their existence was in one—
Entwined by Hope and Hymen's holy ties—
They lived but on the language made to win.
With burning words of meaning love did rise
A passion sworn to live beyond the skies.

And all the world was heaven in his mind,
For she to him was all the world and heaven ;
His wishes, on the whirl of transport driven,
Had no more joys to crave nor bliss to find ;
His life seemed all existing on her smiles—
To be with her for ever as his own
Was pleasure, boundless happiness, that wiles
The heart to Love, who reigned supreme, alone
In them, for their affection was her throne.

The throbbing pulse beat in their mutual heart,
The gush of feeling flowing in a flood
Of ecstasy warm through their youthful blood.
Oh joy too great to bear ! they tore apart
Delirious to the stream with swimming brain.
She up in artless playfulness arose
Where, rushing hideous on the bubbling train
Of foam bells, on the white swelled current goes,
And down that narrow gorge for ever flows.

As, fascinated by the serpent's wiles,
The fluttering bird from branch to branch on high
Comes down, yet fears to fall and fears to fly,
Till the huge monster by his powers beguiles
The trembler to his gullet ; thus did steal
Confusion to her mind. Still did she wait
Till trees and rocks around her seemed to wheel,
And gazed upon the torrent and her fate,
Then helpless fell within the rushing spate.

Shrill through the woods arose his shriek and yell,
And wailings loud of desperate despair :
He wrung his hands and ran to everywhere
Reeling in frenzy, burning like a hell ;
Then wildly gazed as swift her figure passed,
Struck paralyzed and moveless as a stone
He saw to naught his happy visions dashed,
And perished hopes all gone, for ever gone,
While left in sorrow's wilderness alone.

'Neath Castle Cora's ruins, cold and dead,
They found her pale, and passionless her cheek,
And eye of beauty beamless, sweetly meek
Still shone her brow of charms where death had laid
His hand to send her sleeping to the tomb.
Long came and came a lover to her grave,
And wept with heart deep sunk in sorrow's gloom,
He never smiled again, and joy ne'er gave
Relief where naught from wretchedness could save.

The falcon high is soaring on the wing,
The owl is perched and slumbering in the oak ;
Here did the patriots of the past invoke
The powers of Heaven their liberties to bring.
Wildly magnificent their vengeance rose
'Bove the bold cliffs of Cora's dash and roar,
They with their Wallace burned, nor knew repose,
And all his wrongs and grief with him they bore,
Whose murdered spouse lay in her cloated gore.

Then came the first great blow for liberty,
The Craig of Cartlane, hallowed and revered,
For them the brave through centuries endeared
Their counsels heard as they in ambush lay.
Struggles and battles ever raged amain,
Till Bruce in peace resigned his soul to die,
And with his heart lay Douglas with the slain
Of infidels, till Locard bore on high
That heart away in peace with God to lie.

Here lived the good, kind, loving David Dale ;
Here Owen dreamed he could the world reclaim,
He found it bad, and left it just the same.
Dogmas and theories new some ever hail
Great hearts too large and warm for man will sink
Neath toils that e'en have baffled bounteous Heaven.
Till purer thoughts and generous passions link
Our souls in love, man will be ever driven,
A barque at sea, rent, rudderless and riven.

'Twas said, ere Covenanting wars begun,
Dread signs and wonders had been in the skies—
Sprites of the dead to battle oft would rise ;
And in the clouds, beneath a bleeding sun,
As evening mournful walked in sable weeds,
To chambers of the night pale groups would gaze
On hostile shades plunged in the thick of deeds,
And weapons flashed on high, like countless rays,
Where legions mixed in their unearthly frays.

And there was heard the ghastly stern command
Of spectre voices through yon haunted wood ;
Strange sounds of vengeance, Bible, faithful, blood,
Foretold how troubles would convulse the land ;
In grave and grim enthusiastic praise,
Oft rose the apparition's hymn on high ;
Oft wrangling, babbling sticklers seemed to raise
Some wild discordant and fanatic cry ;
The strife for faith and liberty was nigh.

Round Bothwell Castle's old gigantic walls,
The clash of swords like demons in the strife
Was heard, with gurgles of departing life,
And triumph shouts as when an army falls,
Where 'neath the Priory with a solemn sweep
The noble Clutha sings her song of yore.

Shades from the bridge shrieked, plunging in the deep,
And phantom knights from chargers warriors tore.
When crowed the cock, the awful strife was o'er.

Anon arose a clamour in the camp,
Where lay the zealous of the Covenant ;
Fierce ravings all their rampant fury lent
To mingled tumult, while the measured tramp
Of Monmouth's columns and the bloody Graham
Shook the broad earth, and blustering Dalzell rode
With proud rude bearing—blunt to war he came—
He who with merciless heart had often trod
On Godlike reason and the cause of God.

The profligate gay monarch of the South,
Zealous of pomp and blazonry of crown,
To combat right by trampling conscience down,
His faith forth thundered from the cannon's mouth ;
And here his squadrons mustered to the fray
At the shrill echo of the bugle's call ;
On came the reel of rattling musketry,
And heavy columns, like a bristling wall,
Poured forth their might, that liberty might fall.

With broken ranks back sturdy Burley drove
The horses and their riders in the stream ;
Still on him did advancing columns team
Showers of destruction, while at every move
Down on their ranks his wrath of valour fell.
The fight again renewed, and still renewed,
Till power and powder spent, the deadly knell
Of horror rung o'erwhelmed, but not subdued—
Round them the slain on bank and bridge were strewed.

Proud Livingston rushed fearless to the charge ;
Still sturdy Hackston, yieldless as a rock,
Stood the o'erpowering burst, and shock on shock,
Where fell the brave and raged the fight at large.
The loud debaters still denied their aid,
Though fearless Nisbet, stubborn to his post,
Low lifeless on the sward their foemen laid.
'Bove din of war loud wranglers raged the most ;
Insanity grew wild, and all was lost.

I stood upon that bridge, as by a spell
Fettered to contemplation, and arose
Reflections that deny the mind repose :
There tyrants triumphed, freedom basely fell.
Was it infatuation or a plan
Of treachery deeply working out the plot,
To mock at Heaven where justice willed for man
The full unfettered liberty of thought,
Or fate who knew the end decreed his lot ?

There is a riddle man hath never solved,
That riddle is the mystery of his mind ;
He ne'er hath found its secrets, ne'er will find,
Ere it may come, what next may be resolved.

The rage of passions, like a sleeping wolf,
Lulls in his bosom deep in placid rest,
Till roused to lord it o'er him in the gulf
Of grief, will plunge him never to be blest
From tortures burning in his troubled breast.

And there are names for ever which create
A lofty emulation, and we find
Them loved and onward peopling the mind.
Where tyrants do not perish, all their hate
Lives in the scorn of ages. Infamy
Is on their path to dash in gloom their light
Of blazoned fame ; their immortality
Is fire, and blood, and ruin, and the spite
That blasts their glory with an endless blight.

Eternal Nature ! thou art still the same :
A thousand ages find thee as before,
With mountain chains and rivers as of yore,
While dynasties with man have gone and came ;
Yet from their woes in struggles for the right,
Their perils and privations heard to bear,
Freedom hath sprung, and from the fiery fight
And flames of martyr's golden light is here,
Keeping their names before us ever clear.

Garden of Scotia ! Clutha's lovely vale !

With scented garnished orchard blossoms wide.

Yonder a princely palace towers in pride.

There Eden's scene of bloom is in the dale.

The bleat of flocks from vernal meadows rise,

The peasant song wide echoes on the plain,

And in the distant copse of love it dies,

Or swells in mirth where lay the heaps of slain.

Days of our peace ! may such be ne'er again !

St. Mungo ! I have seen thy ancient piles

Of noble records crumbled to decay,

Where lords and mendicants lived out their day ;

I've through thy massy arched Cathedral aisles

Wandered in wondering youth, as tales were told

Of nuns and monks whose apparitions strange

Stalked through the tombs ; how little Picts of old

Did all this gorgeous tracery arrange,

Sculptured on might-enduring time and change.

How Lady Clara sighed for him she loved,

While fighting for his country on the sea,

Where fell the Franks ; where, flushed with glory, he

Had on through stormy wars and dangers roved ;

How he would come, she said, enriched with cheer

And be her own, though wreck and loss had made

Them desolate, nor fleets now brought them here

The silks of India, nor the wealth still laid,

Of Arro's groves, before the lovely maid.

How lean-eyed want was in her father's hall,
And Norman Stern, the rival of her love,
With Shylock fury brawled, and naught could move
His heart to mercy, deeming, through their fall,
By wealth to win the idol of his eyes.
With great-mouthed vows, and eager passion torn,
He brawled, or whined, or urged with vulgar sighs
And fawning pleadings that could not be borne ;
The hollow knave she shunned with loathing scorn.

Long, long her merchant sire in prison lay
Pining and pale, pent up at Stern's command,
Who sued the more to gain sweet Clara's hand,
And force the love she could not sell away.
Sad thoughts froze in her blood, her father's fate
And pity pled, she vowed to be the wife
Of Stern the base, and save, ere it was late,
Her sire from greedy death and weary strife,
And bring him out to liberty and life.

She stood before the altar sacrificed,
Listless and blighted, sense and blood had fled—
Pale as a marble statue of the dead.
Her thoughts were far away with him she prized,
Before her phantoms passed as in a dream—
She saw the marriage scene that had no charms,
Bright twinkling stars and vapour nymphs would seem
To change to him she loved ; wild with alarms,
She shrieked, and Edmund grasped her in his arms.

Quick as a flash her colour came and went,
As ebb'd and flow'd the current of her blood.
Was he return'd, and was good Heaven so good
As to her heart the all she cherish'd sent ?
She gaz'd upon him, and their eyes had met,
With passion speaking all their thoughts had said.
A flood of love was in them ; they were set
On bliss too great to last—she sunk her head
Upon his heart ; he spake, but she was dead.

And the tale went that through these vaults of death
A lady oft was seen, who left her grave ;
Her hand, as luminous as light, would wave,
And beckon'd one to come, with whispering breath,
To wed with her in heaven ; that day came on,
And Edmund follow'd to the place of peace.
Then she was seen no more, for they had gone
To where their souls would on and on increase
To boundless love, mid joys that never cease.

Thou hoary, holy pile, through ages past
What eloquence has soared from thee to heaven ?
Thou'st seen thy priests and friars from thee driven,
And fiery revolutions, great and vast ;
Seen thundering Cromwell enter through thy gate
To sit in fury listening to the word,
Who swept before him like a river's spate ;
And thou art here, through scenes of blood and sword,
And days of monk romance and feudal lord.

Ye are not here, companions of my youth,
Who rambled with me through yon hill of graves;
Time here by death and changes nothing saves.
We ranged its wood now gone, and mirth and truth
Were on our tongues; in Molendiner burn
We laved our weary feet. What joys were thine,
Days of my childhood, how reflections mourn
In tears of memory! Ages in their line
Have sung this theme with better harps than mine.

There sleep the weary who have gone to rest
With honours to the dust from which they came,
And left the world that legacy of fame,
The riches of the mind. The great and best
Of wealth is genius; the intrinsic store
Of virtues are the valued gems which can
Outshine the vulgar boast of mines of ore.
Heaven but esteems the soul its mighty plan;
God made the priceless treasure of the man.

Still may the living ever emulate
The unextinguished virtues of the dead,
And, by a pure and lofty purpose led,
The mind to noble honour elevate.
Wisdom's the wealth strewed by the thinking sage,
The star of man's full glory's never dim.
Here for his weal upon the world's stage
The giant steam moves every mighty limb;
The merciless elements are slaves to him.

With thee, St Mungo ! commerce is supreme.

By science, with thy genius and thy skill,

Nature's barriers yieldeth to thy will ;

The wealth of nations fills thy noble stream.

Thou art enthroned in lofty majesty,

Where merchant princes round thee rear the while

Their structures and their palaces, and gay

Industry bids prosperity to smile,

Bringing the Orient treasures to our isle.

Here shines the light of mind for ever bright !

Here fought and fell our patriots of yore !

Here rose Corunna's brave immortal Moore,

Here statesmen stood for liberty and right.

Thy brave Lord Clyde lives ever in renown ;

Thy Allisons will hold their country's praise,

Thy bards set gems of lustre on thy crown ;

In Nature's book thy sons will ever raise

Man's admiration to the end of days.

Here is Cathcart, a picture full of ease,

Whose mill and bridge, with cottage innocence,

And old grey castle, speak of ages since.

Thou house of Generals ! towering 'mid the trees,

O how I love thy scenes, as when I named

The day when with my own one I would sit

Beneath the roof of Hymen, who proclaimed

Within yon church the banns we ne'er forget.

Joys of love-rambles make us happy yet.

Over the landscapes, and the fields of fame,
Where warriors have fought or princes fell,
There still reflection lingers to dwell
And learn how fortune's floods have went and came
When red rebellion dragged from thrones on high
And trampled pomp and pageantry in gore ;
Where with the ghastly slain kings lay to die,
Amid the carnage and the battle's roar,
Their name a mockery and their might no more.

Here was Queen Mary's thorn—I knew it well ;
There she had gazed upon her last defeat,
When vengeance came that could not longer wait,
And doomed her fall—a tale which nations tell.
Hark how that peasant beauty on the hill
Sweetly and softly swells the native song.
'Tis Mary's lone lament. How it doth fill •
The air with mournful wailings, and along
Wafts o'er the scene that speaks of all her wrong.

SONG.—OUR AIN BONNIE QUEEN.

“ Waes me for Mary, when clans frae the heather,
Wi' grim, stern courage had crossed o'er the Clyde,
And joined wi' the fearless who gathered together
To fight for their cause on the vale of Langside.
For hers was defeat and the route of disorder—
Dour fortune was aye fickle to her, I ween—
And doomed were her days when she flew to the Border,
And Scotland abandoned her ain bonnie Queen.

“She was loving and kind, though she might hae her failin’,
And could hae been won by a generous han’
Frae the gate that led on to her bitter bewailin’,
Exalted the pride and the boast o’ our lan’.
Her braw waveled locks grew as grey as the siller,
And dim waxed the love-winning glance o’ her e’en,
For life brought nae gladness, nor pity hope till her—
Deep sank the sad heart o’ our ain bonnie Queen.

“Her sweet face grew faded and furrowed wi’ sorrow
As pined she her years of captivity by,
Till came her last doom, and the sun of the morrow
Looked pale on the scene where our Mary must die.
On her pure snaw-white neck fell the axe o’ the felon,
And high winged her spirit frae agony keen,
And Scotia deep sighed as her grief-tears were tellin’
The pangs that she felt for her ain bonnie Queen.”

In dread suspense from here she watched the while,
Her steady warriors leading on the brave ;
The flower of chivalry, who vowed to have
Her crown and kingdom hers in battle’s broil.
They met their foemen, cool, and grim, and stern,
And, true to valour, faced the faithful Mar,
The bold Kirkaldy, and the stout Glencairn.
Then to her heart fear whispered that her star
Of fortune trembled o’er the fate of war.

They yield, they rally, mingle in the fray,
Throw fiercely on her foes the broken spears;
Then high her joy leaps from the gloom of fears,
And giddy rapture bears her thoughts away
On wings of triumph to her throne again;
They waver, turn and fly, and all is past,
And Murray's squadrons trample o'er the slain.
Her brain swims round, she sees the die is cast,
Smitten and fallen, looks upon the last.

What a deep woe, what fathomless despair,
Grew dark within her soul, as faint and pale
She saw her ruin hurled adown yon vale,
Where hope had fled, and all remorseless there
Her conquerors, demonlike, exulting tossed
Her greatness to the wind, and ruthless rent
The ties that bound them to her. All was lost.
O! what a field of horror, what an end!
None, none who would befriend her could befriend.

Mary! thy days link but one tale of woe,
Thy frailties will still our pity move,
Thy doating heart that flowed so full of love
Was plunged in grief that Heaven can only know;
Thy sweet and winning fatal beauty made
Thy life a wreck, to which thou did'st descend
By subtle guile, deluded and betrayed.
Virtues, vices, follies, sorrows blend
With all thy joys, and dog thee to the end.

Tortured and wedded to a puppet king,
Sullen and shallow, impotent and vain,
What hadst thou by such fickleness to gain?
The ingrate petulant still troubles bring,
Thy doating love destroyed him in his pride.
Wayward and stiff, and jealous of the great,
A would-be ruler, but too weak to guide,
A penitent for evils when too late,
We mourn his folly but lament his fate.

Spouse of the murderer of thy spouse, whose wiles
Dragged thee amidst his vices and his deeds,
The bloom of flowers are stifled by their weeds,
As still the base the innocent defiles.
Easy and gay, unscrupulous and bold,
The vile, ambitious, crafty profligate,
Profuse in pleasure, resolute and cold,
Could with the wizard's art infatuate
Thy heart to blindly love thy people's hate.

Thy royal sire lay to depart from earth
When tidings came to him that thou wert born.
Thus grief was present on thy natal morn,
And changed to tears the joy-smiles at thy birth,
And fate made gall of all thy after cheer;
And well the prophecy was verified:
Thy father gave when he was leaving here,
"Our crown with woman came and goes," he sighed,
And then resigned his soul to Heaven, and died.

On Corlick's summit, wading in the dew,
And gazing on Argyll's eternal hills,
What heavenly landscapes all the bosom fills,
And crowds a thousand beauties on our view—
Mountains o'er mountains towering to inspire
Adoring admiration's wondering gaze,
Kindle enthusiasm into fire,
And high to Nature's God our souls upraise
To pour the flowing burthen of our praise.

Where grandly rich and solemn beauties blend
Around Lochgoil, of proud Lord Ullin fame,
The morning, ladened with perfumes hath came,
Rich robed in gold and purple to ascend,
Where Arrochar spreads glories to the sun,
And from her heights dissolve the clouds away ;
And down the lakes the shining waters run,
Through scenes of grandeur where the sea-fowls play
On curling waves, or skim the silvery spray.

Sweet Bute, bedappled with the golden rays,
Shines yonder like a pearl in the deep,
Where towers her ruined venerable keep,
Out peering from the mist of ancient days,
And tells of daring deeds a royal line
Has made immortal in historic page ;
How oft defeat and victory were thine,
Stubborn to yield and fearless to engage,
Since Husbec fled the sally and the siege.

Oh ! what a panorama fills the eye,
From splintered Goatfell to Ben Arthur's peak—
All that the mind of majesty may seek,
Great and gigantic, there uplift on high
Our thoughts above our being, till they're lost
Mid an expanse of splendour old as time,
Hills of my sires ! adorned with grandeur most
When raves the tempest through thy stormy clime,
Mid stern and bold magnificence sublime.

Arran ! I love thee ! thou the Bruce concealed,
Whose fearless sword made bonnie Scotland free ;
Thou look'st with majesty across the sea
Where Haco's savage legions fled the field
When Scotland's patriots their king obeyed ;
And like an avalanche o'erwhelmed the foe,
Their shattered fleet, by the wild storm dismayed,
Fled with their tyrant plunged in bitter woe ;
Heaven fills with joy when freedom strikes the blow.

Land rich with deeds and memories of the past,
Where every cairn claims historic fame,
Thou pride of ages still revered the same ;
Teeming with honours great as thou art vast,
It may be in thy fights of field and flood
A fierce and savage warfare reigned awhile ;
Still, these evinced a spirit in the blood
Born with the stern defenders of our isle—
Defying danger and enduring toil.

Hail ! noble flowing Clutha, queen of streams !
With wealth of beauty winding to the sea,
May wealth of commerce ever glide with thee ;
Thy placid breast with glist'ning beauty beams,
Where grew to prime the genius of a Bell,
And Watt called forth a universal power ;
Stream where the light of intellect can tell
A world that mind is mankind's richest dower,
Sending thy fame on to the latest hour.

Where stern Dumbarton towers with high twin peaks,
And boldly looks defiant as when Rome
Boasted her powers to crush our native home ;
Whose cherished history for freedom speaks
Deeds of Argyll, our Wallace, and our Wood ;
Old hope of ages, stubborn to defend,
Whose rugged batteries and ramparts rude—
Boldly alone in shaggy glory lend
Beauty to meads through which thy waters wend.

Hail ! yonder islands in the wide, blue deep,
Where grand in evening splendour beams the sun—
Serenely lovely, and the deep glens dun ;
Repose in peace, each tree of vale and steep
With every leaf at rest, becalmed and still,
In each sweet village, at the cottage door—
Some peasant sings as echo up the hill
The strains of gallantry in days of yore,
Where feats are told of warriors gone before.

Like waves, the hill tops skirt the sweeping Clyde,
To scenes of many mountains, huge and high ;
Temples of God raised to the azure sky;
And emblems of duration which abide—
The great eternal monuments of time,
What wars and feuds have passed beneath your gaze,
Till age on age in distance grows sublime ;
Still you are there, and all our lofty praise
Says not of God what truth in nature says.

The rolling clouds are gathering on the bold,
Wild crags and peaks that crown yon Alpine range,
In massy volumes, and the magic change
Of hues melts in the heavens of burnished gold !
Fair landscape of my love ! adieu, awhile ;
Nature on thee hath placed her regal throne,
While storms of winter's frown, or summer's smile,
And generations add to ages gone—
Thou art her mountain home, and all our own !

CANTO II.

My mountain Albion, grand in sun or storm !
To Heaven sublimely tower thy thousand peaks ;
Here in great flocks the merry seabird seeks

Thy shaggy shores, or trembles with alarm

When angry waves swell up in magnitude,
And endless o'er the wide Atlantic sweep.

Thy rock cliffs, reared in tempest stern and rude,
Stand stubborn where these white-maned monsters leap
And back defiant hurl them in the deep.

Heard you, like dread artillery in war,

When hostile armies rush on to engage

In the wild charge, that 'larum fierce of rage,
Discharging thunders, as each peal afar,

Niagara like, comes booming o'er the spray,
And dies on Jura's mountains green and hoar.

On fiercely sweep the tides in furious fray,
And, dashing on each other, shake the shore !
It is the raging Corryvreckan's roar !

Louder than sounds of Rome's dread chariot wheels
When those went crashing o'er our fathers' land ;
Thy whirling waters by some wizard wand
Seem roused to thunder forth thy deafening peals.

Of this tradition has her mystic tale,
How the dark demons of the tempest roam,
And how the mermaid's song awakes the gale
That sweeps the vessel mid thy whirlpool's foam,
Sinking her wealth to her enchanted home.

Thus went the dream of dauntless Colonsay—
Enchanted by the magic of her spell.
He thought he followed through yon pass of hell—
Dark, deep, and dismal—as she led the way ;
And plunged him mid the glories of her cave,
Where blazed in splendour the transparent gleam
Of starlit gems, which to the senses gave
Bewildering joys ; bright brilliants there did seem
To pour effulgent glories like a stream.

The mighty dome, a silver canopy
Where clustered jewels hung in myriads round,
Whilst from above came many a heavenly sound
With the rich melody of majesty.

Profusely strewed in many a golden bar
Lay endless treasures of the priceless deep.
There Alabaster pillars faded far
Down avenues of sapphire, and did steep
The sight in wealth that gleamed in many a heap.

Far through those mazy labyrinths untold,
Amazed, he wandered on at her behest.
Great wonders rose where'er his eye could rest,
And all seemed built of sparkling gems and gold.
There stood in hall of pearls her diamond throne,
Studded with emeralds of brightest green,
And carved with wizard hands, supremely shone,
More than the eyes of mortal since have seen,
The eternal palace of the Ocean Queen.

She reached her dazzling throne, then at her call
The infernal spirits of the tempest came
Who roused in Heavens the thunder and the flame,
At whose command the crested waves did fall,
All from their caverns gathered at her will
To entertain with cheer their mortal guest ;
Full soon did they the table sumptuous fill
With food and golden vessels of the best,
Then went and came like spirits ne'er at rest.

Into the shining hall a grand array
Of courtiers passed before her golden throne,
Paid low and grave devoirs ; then anon
At table with them fared young Colonsay.
The feast being past, this queen of golden locks
Made each enchantress sing the ocean song
They sung when sporting in the caves and rocks,
Nor ceased the melody till all along
The aisles had vanished all that spirit throng.

Kneeling in raptures, "mighty one," said he,
"Enthroned in wonders, and whose power doth rise
In glory far too bright for mortal eyes,
Why am I here, these mysteries to see?" [seems,
"Fear not," she said, "much which thou seest but
What dazzles brightest is not always dear.

Ambition, pomp, and power, are mighty dreams,
And pleasure lives not with the high in sphere,
Nor is this Heaven with all this splendour here.

Behold these slaves who fly as waves my wand,
Dost think each vies to show who loves me best?
My power they envy, deem themselves oppressed,
Intrigue and plot for place and high command.

I have their smiles, but cannot trust their vow.
Beneath their jewelled robes which dazzling shine
They are but monsters foul, but hence from now,
O noblest of thy race, all this is thine
If thou thy counsels wilt but share with mine."

To which the chief replied, "Heaven be my shield—
Would'st have me counsel where thou'rt not content?
"Dost thou refuse?" she cried, "I know thou'rt bent
To leave me. Thus, then, perish now or yield,
Ye lizard fiends, come forth from out the deep,
With all your nameless horrors at my call,
Hiss out your deadly malice as you creep;
Give me revenge, and Heaven itself appal;
Then fiercely on this stubborn mortal fall!"

The Heavens sent forth loud thunders o'er the sea,
And raved the heaving ocean overhead ;
And loathsome monsters crawling from their bed,
Now coming on, him Colonsay could see
Brutes of the deep with heads like crocodiles,
And sea fiends rushing from the briny foam,
With eyes of flame, rolled snakes in slimy coils
He woke, pale as a spectre from the tomb,
Trembling, but safe within his Highland home.

Conquest may dazzle, wealth of treasures blind,
Kings of the earth, or gods upon the main
May gather round them falsehood with their gain.
Power ne'er commands peace to the troubled mind.
Contented conscious innocence is bliss !
Oft halls of rich prosperity abound
With slaves who worship wealth and spurn distress.
Still fawning, hollow friends will e'er surround,
Lauding with praise the lordly and the crowned.

Ocean of isles from undulating waves,
Here up to Heaven hath nature strewed and piled
Her rocky masses, rugged, rude, and wild,
Her hoary cliffs and dark unfathomed caves ;
Unnumbered legends from the mist of time,
Of countless raids and feats of feudal war,
By heroes lofty as the gods sublime,
In majesty of daring from afar,
Come winged in old tradition's fiery car.

Here's Kerrera, with many a pyramid,
Where sickened Alexander e'en to death,
Where Gylen Castle, with its matted wreath
Of ivy towers, its venerable head

Perched on the sturdy precipice of time,
Long storm-besieged with stubborn might unbent,
There Iain-Bhig revenged a murderer's crime,
With fierce and savage rage his foemen sent
Screaming with terror from its battlement.

See where the wherry scuds with bending sail,
And, charmed, the wild sea mew is listening fain,
As dancing on the waves the pibroch's strain
Lifts nature to rejoice with them, and hail

The happy heyday of the mountain bride,
Who sails with them to meet her loving one,
Blushing with innocence whate'er betide
To consecrate to love what love begun,
May joys with them be ever in the sun !

Great was the revel cheer in Duart Hall
When came the lovely Lady of Argyle,
Her chieftain's bride. Then o'er a happy isle
On went the minstrel's song, the feast, and ball,
The fires blazed joy from many a lofty peak,
'Mid cheers of boist'rous mirth the Highland game
Went on in pleasure, still new sports to seek,
And love's devotion in its rapturous flame
Seemed still in ceaseless bliss to live the same.

She came, and elegance of queenly grace
Was in her bearing, giving sweet delight ;
Whilst on her swelling bosom, purest white,
Her heart's full flowing rapture could they trace ;
Two beaming eyes lit up her soul of love,
Which kindled fondest feelings to admire,
And her dear thoughts through future joys would rove
Drinking affection, ever to desire
The more, as love with pleasure would inspire.

That night with them were revels unrestrained,
And youthful vigour in the chieftain's blood
Flowed proudly with a warm congenial flood—
To love the noble beauty he had gained,
Who, smiling in her virgin innocence,
Entranced in happiness, infused through all
The bliss which her unconscious charms would have
Won their allegiance ready at her call :
But love will cool and high devotion fall.

Pale-prying jealousy, that scourge of sin,
Which conjures crimes from innocence unstained,
With whispering malice on her fancy gained
Till the foul venom, cankering, gnawed within
Oft urged the fiend till truth appeared the lie,
And marked deceit where ne'er had been intent.
Then the whole hell within her 'gan to cry
"Give me revenge !" till she in fury went,
And filled the cup of death on murder bent.

Up on yon rock the tide rose wave on wave,
And pale and trembling stood the lady there ;
And to the winds shrieked, stricken with despair—
Saw death upon her, and her coming grave.

The waters wide around her heard no shout,
Nor cry, nor scream, but still remorseless on
Flowed in their strength as ebb'd her life-tide out.
She swooned and fell ! Her spirit seemed as gone.
A strong arm saved, and bore her to her own.

Grey ruin of the warrior days of old,
Thou look'st, Dunnolly ! boldly to the main.
Oft hast thou fall'n, and risen oft again ;
And oft thy tale of fortune has been told.
O'er old Ardtornish rise the heights of Lorn ;
Their nature, from her mountain throne on high,
Looks down where beauty Appin's peaks adorn,
And Morven's Alpine grandeur fills the eye,
And lifts the soul to thoughts that cannot die.

'Neath lofty rocks that high o'ertop the shore
Is Oban nestled in her sylvan bay,
Gauding her rustic beauty to the day.
And 'neath her eye is spread the ample store
Of sea-girt gems o'er the vast waters wide.
The sunbeams kiss her, lighting up her charms,
As when to her our patriots in their pride
Gathered to dare the Franks, whose war alarms
Had shivered kingdoms by the shock of arms.

The sun's reclining on the boundless sea,
And robed with purple, richly fringed with gold,
Now solemn grandeur looks on wild and wold.
And shades are deepening down on cliff and lee.
The rolling mist is gathering on each height,
And earth in darkness dreary and profound
Sink's into night from eve's supreme delight.
Shut from the world soon all shall here abound
With silence, save the ocean's ceaseless sound.

Smooth as a mirror, Mull's far sweeping strait
Is stretched before us ; many a snow-white sheet
Bent to the breeze, like sea-birds far, we meet.
They grow and come on us, from small to great,
Each with her loaded wealth from other lands—
A fleet of beauty scudding o'er the sea.
The boatswain's whistle and his hoarse commands,
The mariner's joke and laugh of merry glee,
Awake the lull of calm tranquillity.

Now nears us Staffa's spacious colonade—
An isle of wonders rising from the waves—
And the rock grandeur of her sylvan caves
Looms through the glorious wealth of sun and shade.
See how her countless columns, far below,
Waver and tremble with the rippling tide,
And all her structures, deep reflected, show
Her ribbed and honey-combed and pillared side—
A mighty shadow on the waters wide.

Cave of Fingal, with arched cathedral walls
Like broken organ-pipes hung in mid air,
Through nature's wide arena, tell me where
The winged sea-nymphs could find them grander halls.

A thousand hues, through flickering lights of gold,
Chasing and waving, undulating shine.

Creation's mysteries never can be told.
Sprites of the deep, with all that is divine,
How gorgeous is that palace reared of thine.

The play of light, far mirrored o'er the deep,
In clustering columns melting, darker grow,
Till in the heavy mass they're lost and go,
With all the wonders of her pillared heap.

Heard ye the echoes, as the waves roll on
Through the dark caverns, louder as they swell?

Far in the lofty vaults the hollow tone
Reverberates, and comes rolling back to tell
Where Music's many sounds for aye dwell.

Greece raised her heroes' fame to the divine,
And Rome for hers did monuments display
Reared up to Heaven; but Fingal, where are they!
Nature's the mighty architect of thine,

Befooling art with all its pigmy skill,
Where here her columns numberless do stand,
Whose nameless wonders bid the tongue be still,
As the soul fills with all that's great and grand,
And views the workings of her cunning hand.

Strike up the pipe notes, joy be unrestrained,
On with the dance, and take the farewell sight
Of all that gives to eloquence delight.
Pleasure is ours, and knowledge has been gained,
And speak we of the land our fathers held,
And her bold chains of mountains we revere ;
The sturdy deeds of champions of eld ;
And sing we to our feelings ever dear
The chorus song, and drink her Highland cheer.

Our boat is sweeping o'er the sunny deep
Like a volcano's smoke o'er yonder shore.
The mist mounts from the crown of huge Benmore,
And rolls away o'er many a lofty steep,
Where wild deers browse, and look securely down
From spires where fowls are nestled in their coves,
And rocks enthroned on high supremely frown.
The ewe bleats for its lamb that gambling roves,
It knows her voice, and skips to all it loves.

Island of gems, star of the western sea,
Iona ! luminary of the past,
From which the light of truth beamed far and va
'Mid savage states of dark barbarity ;
Seat of the Christian's famed and holy cell,
Where Europe's kings basked in the beams of faith
And long did saints and warrior's dwell ;
St Oran's pile and sunny hills of heath
We hail thee as we near with bated breath.

Now, let us rest upon the Emerald stone
Where first Columba's currach struck yon shore,
The sacred amulet so prized of yore ;
Since on that cairned hill he stood alone,
A son of kings and champion of peace,
And reared his standard on this isle of waves ;
And through a land in waste vowed ne'er to cease
To wield the sword of Heaven, whose wisdom saves—
The sword of truth which kings and conquerors braves.

The ancient school of eloquence is here—
Retreat of science, home of sacred lay,
Haunt of the muse and wise philosophy.
All that the good or great on earth revere
Reclined in glory round the holy fane
Of moral beauty. Here life's fruitful tree
Grew up to bloom, and gave to man again
Its opulence. Here princes bowed the knee
And rose from base idolatry free.

And here God's temple towered 'mid Pagan gloom ;
From here the saints proclaimed to nations peace
Till empires in refinement did increase,
And knowledge had pronounced the Druid's doom.
Here are the ancient relics of the dead,
The great of old, the meteors of an age,
The sacred ground is hallowed where we tread ;
Where long have slept from toil and battle's rage
The sceptered monarch and the mitred sage.

Ah, there are spots allume this fallen sphere,
Whose shrines command the adorer's pilgrimage,
Though empires fall with cities sacked by siege;
To every age they're consecrated here,
While comes a wavelet to this sunny shore.
Whilst Britain 'midst the nations has a name,
Thy fame, Columba, high ! shall ever soar,
When sinks the conqueror and usurper's claim ;
'Twas not to plunder but to save you came.

They are the great who work the greatest do,
Whose deeds their lives of wisdom still adorn,
And leave a thankful world that such were born
The legacy of all they ever knew ;
Not robbers of the nations, whose red sword
Streams o'er with crimson blood to overthrow—
Spoilers who gloat upon their plundered hoard ;
These are not great who take, but who bestow,
With wealth of hearts and souls that overflow.

Supreme in majesty out in the lake,
Is time-enduring bold Dunstaffnage,
Home of our ancient monarchs, ere the age
When Kenneth's sword and patriot power did break
The might of Denmark and her savage hordes.
Thou cherished royal relic of romance,
Where old baronial knights and feudal lords
And royal lovers oft led off the dance,
Home from the chase, or tilt with sword and lance.

The creak and splash of oars come near and near ;
 And music's love-notes of a thousand rills,
 High echo up the emerald of hills
 And o'er the smiling landscape, swells to cheer
 The soul to revel in the happy scene
 Of calm and smooth enchantment, mirrored deep
 In the blue waters from the uplands green ;
 The dog's big bay is heard, and pleasures leap
 From nature's calm tranquillity asleep.

The insect's hum, the jolly peasant's cry,
 The shepherd's whistle and his song of glee
 Cheer up the morn ; God, what is this we see,
 Bursting upon us, bold, and huge, and high,
 Vast groups of mountains on stupendous run,
 Whose peak-tops pierce the heavens, and command
 Enraptured wonder, where the valleys dun,
 Gorgeous in splendour, smile supremely grand,
 And Phœbus lights like Paradise the land?

The Etive Herds in Alpine solitude
 Tend the magnificence of glen and glade,
 The whirring heathcocks on the wing have fled
 In flocks o'er lonely vastness, slope and wood.
 The trees on steeps nod high like tiny flowers,
 Where goats up peaks with cautious feet advance,
 And gaze on mighty magnitude as lowers,
 Or mounts the smoky mist or sunny glance,
 Lights up the neuks of giant bold expanse.

List to the long shrill echo of the horn,
See where the hunter's sturdy limbs appear,
Mark the wild terror of the startled deer,
That plunges on through heath, and brier, and thorn,
And scenes of savage wild magnificence ;
The hounds are howling, and the hunters call,
Till the deer totters on yon eminence,
Who has received the fatal deadly ball,
And down the crag reels feebly to fall.

Sublime Ben-Cruachan, mountain of the skies,
Thou look'st a monarch o'er the pomp of lakes.
Each ivy-mantled ruin now awakes
To mind their lords and chieftains, who could rise
Their tribes to battle and give laws to men.
O'er these gem mountains thou'rt the giant, where
Magnificence up rises to the ken ;
Enthroned in magnitude, the bold, the fair,
And greatly grand pay thee all homage there.

Kilchurn Castle, roofless and alone,
Naked to winter's storm and mountain blast,
Thy old baronial grandeur of the past
Clings to thy stately gloom. Of nobles gone,
Who ruled in the magnificence away,
In vanished time revered old story brings
Fame with thy feudal pomp, Glenorchy,
Of warrior deeds no more thy minstrel sings—
Thy harp of yore hangs up with broken strings.



Sir Colin at the wars had tarried long,
And to his lady, with obsequious breath,
M'Corquodale still rumoured of his death,
Till he had wooed and won her, and the throng
Of knights and noble ladies came to wait
Till she to him in love had given her hand.
To minstrel's songs cheers rose to elevate,
And pipers led the clans, who, at command,
Hied to the marriage, making glad the land.

A weary palmer, who had came afar,
Through brigand camps and dangers manifold,
Then 'mid the guests a piteous story told
Of perils and privations of the war.

"Give me," said he, "one cup but from the hand
Of the fair, noble bride, beloved so well."

She gave the cup; he drank, and drew his brand—
"This ring," he whispered, "will my tidings tell,
Look thou to it and all may yet be well.

With it thy image ever came to me;
It was my talisman in many a field—
Life to my life, and to my heart a shield,
And now the all that I have left of thee."

She gazed upon the ring—it was her own,
And seemed the mysteries of the past to tell;

She gazed on him—"O God, thou art not gone,
My own dear love," she cried, as with a yell,
She swooned, and helpless on his bosom fell.

The guests arose to welcome home the chief,
Whose vassals leapt with boisterous delight.
Speedy the villain bridegroom took to flight,
Baffled and crushed, and overwhelmed with grief—
’Twas he who slew each messenger who came
To tell how brave Sir Colin, in the strife,
Thought but of her with passion’s fondest flame;
And now, as from the dead, leaped up to life
Despite of all, and claimed and won his wife.

The golden splendour of meridian day
Beamed where Ben-Doran high the welkin fills,
To where Ben-Loy looks o’er a hundred hills,
When young Glenorchy followed to the fray,
Raising his slogan on his foemen fell,
Where Colin Doubh and veteran Dochart led,
Till low the Gregor and the Corquodale
Together on the field of carnage bled,
And with their kinsmen mingled with the dead.

The cheers of joy rose to the hills on high, [glen
The Campbell’s pibroch thrilled through wood and
Loud revelled in their mirth his merry men.
“Glenorch’s good knight is home,” was still their cry.
On came the ball, and dance across the swords,
And sturdy Highland games to suit the time,
And welcome home, from knights and noble lords,
Rung in his ears; and high the minstrel rhyme
Raised his achievements God-like and sublime.

The treasure of our being is not found
In pleasure's haunts nor gaiety's career ;
Nor flattering circles of a princely sphere
Give to our days a happiness profound.
No, no ; it is to love, and be beloved
By true hearts warmed by fond affection's glow.
If with a bleak and callous world unmoved—
Cold as the regions of eternal snow—
Life were no gift to value here below.

As is the fate of cities such as thine,
Lost Berigionium, Selma's royal hall
Is gone, 'mid dim memorials of Fingal
And the Dalriadic monarchs. Since the line
Of sturdy Erc gave the name to Lorne,
Oh ! how have races changed, and many a throne,
With nations past and empires feebly worn,
Like all that's left of thee of melted stone,
Perched on the hill-top, crumbling and alone.

Our boatie swiftly o'er the ferry sweeps,
Where clear Loch Creran, 'mid yon group of hills,
Swells with the flowing tide, and winding, fills
The shadowy crannies, 'neath these lofty steeps,
Where nature in her silence is concealed ;
And bloom and beauty in their plentitude
Have all the charms of loveliness revealed,
As from a veil in modest solitude
There she reclines in peace where none intrude.

Unconquered Appin ! Selma ever fair !

In the rich robes of morning now appears,
Where Ossian sang the songs of other years,
And verdant summits, long revered with care;
To memory keeps their cairns for the brave.
See like an angel, from the mist of morn,
Yon mountain maid, her tiny feet doth lave
In the clear waters ; how she doth adorn
The scene with beauty, pure as virgin born !

Her blushing bloom, as dazzling as the sun,
Fetters the youthful and confounds the wise,
With artless gifts of innocence the prize
Of native charms from nature she hath won.
Chaste as the lily, blooming as the rose,
Aurora's fragrance hovers on her way,
In whose warm bosom virtue doth repose,
Flower of this varied paradise so gay,
Light of the morning blooming to the day.

Whether in cot, with homely russet weeds,
Or finery that struts the castle hall,
Nature has gifts impartial given to all.
No choice of birth is settled in her deeds,
Maid of the mist, thou art to love as fair
As Dian decked in the rich robes of state ;
Thy artliss heart knows not of craft or snare,
Thou'rt pure as from the hands who can create
Charms to the poor, oft stinted to the great.

Our gallant Prince, from bleak Culloeden field
To stern wilds of gorge and forest den,
Had fled, while all our chiefs and gallant men
The sword of red rebellion ceased to wield.

Where o'er yon cave the stream leaps down the linn,
And from the caldron winds with singing glee,
Ardshiel sought refuge and a home therein,
And looked out on his ruin, deeming he
At least concealed from persecution free.

It was not so. His foes had found the cue,
And out from Stalker Castle grim and grey,
They sought the fugitive. When on their way
Poor idiot Colin, with a wild halloo,

Deeming the drummer lord and chief of all,
To him in frolic spoke, on purpose bent.

He on the noisy drum gave many a mall,
And soon, by soft persuasion, had it lent,
And to the linn laughing and drumming went.

'Twas well, and gallant Stewart found it so—

The drum the kindly-meant alarm gave,
Till mid the rocks each from the gloomy cave
Escaped the fear of death or prison woe.

The clouded mind, who never thought of guile,
May quicken into craft and find the plan,
By stern danger wakened up the while,
To act by impulse, and do more than can
Spring from the cunning of a wiser man.

Yonder the heights on which the bacon blazed
As the red fiery cross was born along.
Such Ossian's strains immortalised in song,
When clans were up and loud the war-cry raised.
From Fingal's chiefs of Morven there has sprung
A race of warriors to oblivion gone—
The land is silent where their pibroch rung ;
Their cottages are desolate and lone ;
Their glens breathe with a spirit not their own.

Behind us is Glen Duror the divine,
Encircled with her sentinels of hills,
Guarding her beauty. Nature full instils
Devoted adoration at her shrine
To worship in retirement, doating there
With all that soothing solace pleasure finds
In solitary paths, where flowrets fair,
Laden with 'balm, perfume the mountain winds
Through Alpine herbs and plants of Apennines.

Oh, what a group of mighty mountains now
Bursts on our view with huge and shaggy manes ;
Around and round their bold gigantic chains
Of grandeur end, and meet with stern brow
To gaze upon each other where the sheen
Of silver-sheeted Leven, glancing clear,
Kisses Lochaber, and the solemn scene
With a bewildering wonder we revere,
And pay our orisons to Heaven here.

From Ballachulish cottages the smoke,
Mounting and curling, mingles with the haze
Of twilight mist, high floating 'bove the blaze
Of Phœbus' glory; glen, and hill, and rock,
To evening are reflecting forth his beams,
And the dun shadows o'er the landscape fly
On zephyr's wings. As in a land of dreams,
Here sleeps the sheeny loch, and with a sigh
Of slumbering peace doth calm in beauty lie.

Beloved of scenes, the genius of the place,
Presiding o'er thy gorgeousness, entwines
The laurel wreath that crowns thee; here he finds
A home of peace to revel and embrace—
The charms that win affection here to hail—
The growling storm, the avalanche of snow,
Down rolling with its thunders to the vale,
The rushing torrents streaming white below,
Cool shade and sunshine with its autumn glow.

Melodious is the music of the lakes—
The spirits of enchantment, from each dun
Gorge of the mountains, gambol in the sun,
And swelling high the Naiad's hymn, awakes
The valleys to rejoice, and giant cones
Of lofty mountains lift the voice of praise
On the soft breeze of pleasure. Such atones
Much for the ills which life upon us lays,
And fills our thoughts till its last waning rays.

Dark vale of horrors, naked, bleak Glencoe,
How terrible and grand thy mountain view,
High mingles with the mist to yonder blue,
Rising in cones up from this gorge below !
Far into space thy lofty rugged tiers
Fade in the Heavens, where crags and summits crowd,
Ridge upon ridge, till e'en the vision tires
Gazing on them, where nature now enshrouds
Their grandeur with her gold and purple clouds.

Here sterile solemn stillness ever reigns
O'er region's horribly desolate,
Mighty and vast, and in our souls create
Pleasure and terror as the fancy strains
Itself to grasp thy picture, huge and bold,
And in stupendous masses, sternly strewed,
Fantastically wild, where mountains hold
High converse with the stars, tower round and rude
In gleam and gloom's eternal solitude.

List ! heard you not the eagle's hollow scream
Far up yon peak ? A monarch, where he stands
In solitary majesty, commands
The wilderness of feathered flocks, who seem
To know the tyrant's wrath, and, winged with speed,
Fly to the deep dun corries of the vale
Where ne'er was mortal foot, nor goat, nor weed,
Nor song of shepherd drowned the curlew's wail ;
Where torrents hold their concert with the gale.

Region of rocks, how great thy grandeur meets
The eye 'mid peaks enthroned in summer smiles !
There cries the savage ravens 'mid thy piles ;
And in thy solitudes the pilgrim greets
The birth home of thy OSSIAN the sublime,
Whose harp by Cona's silver stream was strung,
Till Fingal's hills to the melodious rhyme
Echoed with joy, as the great minstrel sung
Dar-Thula's love to Nathos bold and young.

High where the rock-blocks stud the mountain-side,
The goddess Bera oft appalled the glen
With her wild thunders round the demon's den ;
Then fleet the lightning on the storm would ride,
Reeling and rolling down the dusky dells.
There hinds the tales of wonder would relate
Of chasms deep and caves of savage fells,
Where the wild shapeless Urisk reigned in state,
Dooming the clans prescribed to merciless fate.

Such was his task when base Glenlyon came
To claim a Highland friendship and its cheer ;
The rights of hospitality so dear,
Were ne'er denied, but freely given to them.
The feast, the song, the nights of merriment,
The vow of friendship and the fond caress,
And jocund days with laughing pleasure went ;
And they were happy, nor could dream nor guess
Of ruin's doom and misery's distress.

Their grey-haired chieftain in a pool of blood,
Weltered in writhing, dying agony ;
While o'er the glen his slaughtered kinsmen lay
With the reward of death for gratitude.

The minions of the great, the deadly game
Of treachery played in carnage, wallowed wide ;
To ruins fell the cottages in flame,
And ruffian riot did red-handed ride,
And o'er his shame exalted in his pride.

But there are villains in this sin-stained earth,
So born in venom, nurtured up in guile,
Can smile and kiss, "and murder when they sn
Who know not aught of faith, or truth, or worth ;
Such were those knaves of blood, whom wife, nor c
Nor beauty's tears could stay the ruthless blow—
Despair flew naked to the mountains wild
From those whom they had never deemed their foe
And perished in that storm of drifting snow.

At dead of night oft on the tempest came
The voice of wailing sorrow from the hills ;
And the terrific shriek and moan that fills
The blood with horror ; and the crackling flame
Rose from the ruins where their homes had been
And the dread curse on base Glenlyon fell
From spirits of the dead, who oft were seen
Proclaiming terrors, as their vengeful yell
Far 'mid the rocks rung awful as a hell.

The moon is up, her ghastly beams now play
O'er the dark deeps unknown to mortal ken,
Eclipsed by cliffs that overhang the glen.
Dance on the coned-up lofty peaks of grey,
O'er the rough path that leads to endless night,
Ye haunts of darkness, and departed shades
Of superstition, majesty, and might !
I leave you as the beams of Cynthia fades,
And Fancy through thy gloom and grandeur wades.

But I will think of thee. Who could forget
Thy wilds that terrify and elevate
The soul to Him who can such scenes create ?
Though far away, I can be with thee yet,
As the thought pondering rears thee to the mind
In all thy wonders, awful as thou art,
Nature is 'mid thy mountains of the wind ;
As in that day of massacre thou wert,
Thy grandeur from thee never can depart.

The brides of Onnich, beautiful and young,
Thought each but of their coming marriage day
With innocence and joyful pleasure gay ;
Full flowing love pure from their bosoms sprung ;
Their gallant bridegrooms, brave and strong of limb,
Deemed their Lochaber home their haven of years,
Till Badenoch, their chief, had claimed for him
The all they cherished, whose big sobs and tears
He but relentless spurned with ruffian sneers.

Out flashed their swords, and on his minions fell

The clan was up for liberty and life !

Rebellious vengeance hurried to the strife,
Till yielding Cumyn fled o'er brake and dell.

The brave had triumphed for their valued love
Defying lairds and lordlings, side by side ;

Hurled back the boast of blood they could not
A nobler rank than villany and pride,
And thus unstained each bridegroom held his br

Love nerves the arm and will to conquer all.

What is the world when those we love are gone
Nor wealth, nor power, nor pleasure can atone
For the wide blank in life. 'Tis fortune's fall

That tells us we are mortal, and our sphere
A shallow show of mockery. The mind

Is all our empire, all our being here
Lives but in dear affection, when we bind
Our hearts to hearts we cherish of our kind.

See, yonder, huge Ben Nevis is alone,

A monarch 'mid a wilderness of hills ;

Mountain of Heaven, how thy greatness fills
Our thoughts with wonder, soaring to the throne

Of him who formed thy vastness, and who reared
Thy mountain piled on mountain, huge and bare

And awful as thy majesty appeared
As when creation left thee standing there,
With cloud-capped summits towering high in air

Naked, and bleak, and bold, thy lofty crown
Of ruined rocks defies the wintry blast,
And looks upon a boundless ocean vast
Of shoreless space in majesty profound ;
And high the mist flies on the whirlwind's wing
From the far regions dreary, vast, and wild.
Up crag and precipice, and chasm, cling
To the great pyramid so rudely piled,
Where oft the elements have stormed and smiled.

And thou hast grimly looked on many a raid
When Inverlochy's tyrants held their sway,
And rudely ruled within yon castle grey,
Where oft the brave the debt of death has paid.
And thou hast gazed on many a stubborn stand
Of front to front, and fields of bleeding slain,
Till the base butcher deeds of Cumberland
Degraded victory with a gory stain,
Out-blotting glory, ne'er to shine again.

And with the martial legions of Montrose
Trembled thy base, as up the morning dawn
Awoke to trumpet blasts o'er lane and lawn,
And shrill the echo to the ear arose
Of the ill-fated ranks of Auchinbreck,
Who swift before the shock of arms fled,
While none could lead or mar the rout and wreck ;
Subdued Argyle, pale, trembling in dread,
Then *saved his life*, and lived to lose his head.

Montrose ! whate'er the value of thy cause,
Thy lion-heart was generous as brave ;
And thy strong arm was ever raised to save,
As thy bold deeds from foes had plucked applause.
Thy voice in noble mercy rose to stem
The tide of carnage and the streams of blood ;
When he they trusted had abandoned them
And pitiless within his galley stood,
By thee alone then ceased the gory flood.

The scaffold was, and is, the monument,
Enduring as a Roman warrior's pile,
Which gives to fame the honours of Argyle.
The heroes of that noble house have sent,
Brilliant in history, records of renown,
Life given for truth, that fixed eternal star,
Have gained for coronets lost the martyr's crown ;
Till triumph came, when proud rebellious Mar,
Fled with the break of morn the field of war.

Oh ! what a wealth of scene o'er woods and lakes
And landscape, luxury doth feast the eye !
There Linnhe's streams leap down from hills on hi
To her smooth sheet of waters ! All awakes
To raptures ripe, when o'er that breadth of space
The glens of glowing beauty we behold,
And verdant valleys vast afar we trace,
And God's enchanted neuks o'er wild and wold,
And giant summits steeped in melting gold.

Where the young shepherd lilt the chanter's strain,
While far above him gaze the listening deer,
Who, music-charmed, stand when he stands, and steer
With him along the pastured mountain chain.

Far from the city's turmoil is his home,
Far from the hollow revels of the proud,
Where fashion, false and flippant, loves to roam
'Mid dazzling pomp, parade, and lowly-bowed,
Pale abject misery crawleth through the crowd.

Give me to gaze o'er Nature's boundless span,
The heaving ocean, girded by the sky ;
Upon her mountain throne up high and high,
Where towns and cities at our feet we scan
Far from their hum, like emmet colonies ;
Where the great mob is ever bustling on
'Mid penury or pleasure's varied way ;
There avarice mounts to mammon, and, anon,
Struts out of life, and never more is known.

Our boat glides o'er Loch Lochy like a witch ;
Where in the wooded bosom of the vale,
In sylvan shades, the mansion of Lochiel
Speaks to the memory of rebellion. Much
That gave his noble ancestor renown
Whose will was peace ; still honour must be gained.
He joined his prince's standard for a crown
Till perished all, but valour still remained ;
Ruined he fell, till justice all regained.

Thrice bloody was the feud where Fraser fell,
By Arkegg's peaceful lake, when from the bow
The shaft stuck in the faithful gallant gow,
Who bear his master over hill and dell
To Cumyn's seat, and laid him down to die,
And bold Clanranald victory made his own.
How happy fleets the time since ages by,
When death alone to malice could atone,
And tribes by lawless plunder lived alone.

Sweet Invergarry, nestled 'mid the trees
Like an enchanted castle, we have passed,
As in a dream too exquisite to last,
Though the sweet vision to the mind may please,
Now towers yon fort that looks on Tarff's lone gle
But looks no longer on surrounding foes ;
The clans have since embraced, their gallant men
Have bled for Britain, each for Britain goes
To conquer in her cause with giant blows.

Our pilgrim footsteps near the Foyers' falls,
And plunge within the gorge, dark, deep, and ster
Fringed with the tangled shrubs, and modest fern,
Where nature piles her rocks in lofty walls ;
There on the heights above, the young oaks nod,
Rooted to cliffs with many a shapeless twine,
Far above man ; look to the home of God !
And high the plumage of the mountain pine
Waves to creation boundless and divine.

In what a gloom is grandeur here concealed,
Of awful crags that overhang around !
Where swell a thousand echoes with the sound
Of thunders that have on and endless pealed
Since nature rose from chaos. What an awe
Inspiring terror, rapture, pleasure, fear,
Leap from our panting bosoms, as we draw
Imagination out the wonders here
To grasp, and in the mind the structure rear !

Of that huge cascade, rolling as of yore,
Clashing and struggling where yon air-bridge strides
That gulf of shaggy horrors which divides
The cliffs where floats the ceaseless mist of hoar !
Yet beauty fears not to dwell in thee,
Chasm of tumult, ever fresh and green,
When winter frowns, and when the heather bee
Sips honey from thy hill flowers, and serene
Smiles beauty calmly o'er thy savage scene.

We love to gaze on venerable piles
That stood the brunt of battle, and its siege
And storms and tempests, on from age to age.
Their ramparts rude to reverence beguiles
Our admiration, such thy ruins grey,
Old stately Castle Urquhart of Loch Ness,
Perched on thy rocky pedestal. Decay
Is on thy walls, yet in thy faded dress
A majesty is round thee, ne'ertheless.

CANTO III.

My Caledon ! I'm with thee once again,
Virgin of nations, who hast borne along
Stainless thy flag ; Queen of the land of song !
Here let me pour the burthen of my strain
Before thy throne, and at thy sovereign feet
Proclaim the daring of thy sons, who from
Thy rugged lofty shores swept fleet on fleet
Of ruthless rude invaders of thy home,
And e'en defiance hurled to baffle Rome.

Thou, Freedom's goddess in our Fathers' eyes,
On to the death devoted to adore,
They 'mid thy perils clung to thee the more
And hailed thee 'bove thy dangers greatly rise,
A conqueror supremely to thy fame.
Each reaping for thee glory by his blade,
With patriot ardour rising to a flame,
A giant rose, in every arm that laid
Thy foemen pale on battlefields of dead.

But I must on, o'er many a mountain path.
Lo ! here are Athol hills of old romance,
And Killiecrankie pass, as we advance,
Yawns as it did upon that day of wrath,
When brave MacKay, for freedom's covenant,
Plunged 'mid the clifty terrors of that den
Of desolation, by convulsions rent,
That hemmed them like a hell, and to their ken,
These steep rocks seemed to fall, they knew not when.

Here, in this gorge of grandeur, how profound
Silent solemnities our passions move
To lofty veneration far above.
The sky is peering, and the echoes sound
The plover's wails down through the nodding trees
That wave their plumage gaily to the sun,
And cooing cushets high each other tease,
And screaming warblers from the hawk have run
Far in the cleft recesses deep and dun.

Eternal night, shut from the sheen of day,
Reigns here in gloom where'er the foot may tread,
With hoarse tumultuous roar along its bed.
Hark ! that's the Garry storming on its way
'Neath birchen tangled thickets, till in view
It bursts upon us, foaming as it falls
Adown yon dizzy cliff in spray and dew,
Lashing these stream-worn rocks like piled-up walls
In tortured rage, that pleases and appeals.

The sun seemed mourning on that day of death,
When Claver's legions bared their brawny arms
To struggle in the strife—to them all charms—
As gory streams flowed down that hill of heath.
On stern and grim, with broad claymore and targe,
Came the fierce daring ranks with savage yell,
And, bursting through each volley with the charge,
Wallowed in carnage where these horrors tell
Revenge was full as freedom's terror fell.

A youth with eagle eye had sent the ball,
And marked the writhing tyrant as he bled
As if the spirit of a Cæsar fled
And Brutus stood exulting o'er his fall—
“I've rid my country of a scourge,” he cried,
“And so let Heaven's eternal will be done ;
Beneath his sword my gentle brother died,
The race of haughty Claverhouse is run,
And we are free—with us the day is won.”

And he hath gained where victory's gain is lost,
For with his flight of life his cause hath gone,
And retributive Fate stands high alone
To tell how blood flowed for an empty boast,
That won at Bothwell, perished at Drumclog,
And hither did a trampled nation send
Hate, with a curse his bloody steps to dog.
Oh ! shade of murdered Brown, behold the end—
Thy worth is honoured, he hath scarce a friend.

Scourge of the innocent, deep sunk in blame,
Yet brave, but proud to madness, could it be
That Heaven would choose an instrument like thee
To raise up honours to its hallowed name !
Great jest on holiness ! was e'er the sword
To drink our life's blood by the great design,
And murder to maintain that mighty word
Eternal as duration, and will shine
Effulgent as the light of God Divine.

And thou wert he would teach the will of men
To worship as thou would'st, not as they may,
Or perish like the hunted beast of prey,
And seek the cave and covert for a den.
Fierce execration ne'er can find a name
To blast thy memory more than it hath been ;
The mind convinced, oppression cannot tame.
Well, all is past, and we can hopeful lean
Upon our faith, and tell what men have seen.

The widow with her orphans in the snow,
Whose souls fled in the mountain wilderness,
Struck down, behold him from their home of bliss.
The exiled slaves have vengeance for their woe.
Here torture ends the troopers sport of glee
When law perverted was the minion's shield,
And trampled justice dare not claim her plea.
" 'Tis well ! our triumph comes though now we yield,"
He said, and like a spectre left the field.

Fresh morn is up again in sweet Dunkeld,
And not a breath of wind doth fan the cheek,
And misty volumes rise from Birnam peak,
Where heather bees their feast of dawn have held.
A burst of varied loveliness we hail
The sweeping Bran from Ossian's mirrored hall ;
The shining Tay meandering in the vale,
The sylvan glen, the rushing waterfall,
Nature in bloom presiding o'er them all.

If Birnam Wood was borne to Dunsinane,
And grim Macbeth's weird witches revelled here,
And gathered herbal charms ; and, like the seer,
Gave warning of the coming gallant Thane,
'Twas wise to think of this bewitching scene,
All charms strewed round profusely to engage—
Calm as the glades of Heaven in peace serene.
The kelpies' dens of that dark elfine age
Nestle in wilds by yonder hermitage.

My foot is on Kinnoull's long famous hill, •
My eye is on the field of Luncarty
Where Kenneth held our nation's liberty,
Which e'er was hers, and hers for ever will.
The Danes came like a storm, the Scottish line
Shook with their charge, the giant ploughman threw
His might upon them down yon deep ravine,
And through the mingled mass he onward slew,
Till 'mid the stream they plunged, and hither flew.

The plough-yoke was the yeoman's heavy brand
That struck the yoke of tyrants to the ground ;
Here from my foot brave deeds won him around
His country's gift, the falcon's flight of land.

Oh, dear Redgorton, to my memory blest
By glowing, ceaseless love, that ever gains.

There my life's partner gave my bosom rest
In Hymen's happiness and hallowed chains,
While she is here my world of wealth remains.

Scone, nestled in yon verdant wooded den,
Seems brooding o'er her Royal honours gone,
Her old enchanted coronation stone,
Her long processions and her pageants, when
Proud Princes came to claim their birthright crown
On the palladium of our sturdy land,
Sacred to prophesy of old renown
Who owns thee holds the sceptre of command,
Where'er thou art empire with thee shall stand.

Fair Bertha, of a long unsullied name
From storms and changes of a thousand years,
Meek in her virtues silently appears
Like Sabbath in the sun and lull of fame,
And tells where there a murdered King had fell ;
How at the altar haughty Cornwall lost
His dastard life for deeds he came to tell
Of women slain, but children slaughtered most ;
His Royal brother's dagger stopped the boast.

Dark was the savage age, when on that plain
In fierce feud fought the Kay and Chattan clan,
And grappled, sword and dirk, and man to man,
Till stood the last lone Kay among the slain,
And Chattan claimed the mighty boast of blood,
As e'en the nations claim it to this day.

Life gushes out of armies like a flood,
And morn unveils death scenes of many a fray,
And wars on wars reign with eternal sway.

A voice seems shrieking loud a crime of shame
From yonder crumbled palace by the Tay,
Shrill as it did upon that fatal day
When ruin on the noble Ruthvens came.

If treachery drank the life's blood of their heart
When coward fear waxed jealous of their power,
'Twas base to crush them by a demon's art.
Truth lives for ever, but may ne'er have power
To tell a world the mystery of that hour.

The reaper's song is up on zephyr's wings,
Wide grain fields wave where'er the eye can roam,
And Gowrie's laden with the harvest home,
And all her wealth with beaming smiles she brings.

Eden of beauty, what a scene is here,
Whence comes that grand aroma of perfume?

'Tis Flora with her gifts of beauty dear—
Her variegated flowers in blowing bloom.
Her lap is full—for more she has not room.

Oh, me ! how lavish God is here to all—

Nature is rich where'er the eye dilates,

Abundance opes Elysium's golden gates,

Luxuriance comes obedient to her call.

The sparkling noble Tay sings loud with joy,

And rapture fills the burthen rich and long,

Which, like a maiden's strain, swells smooth and coy,

And flows on with her as she sweeps along,

While Autumn smiles and listens to her song.

A band of merrymakers on Kinnoull

Dance on the sward where rose the falcon's flight;

And all is jolly laughter and delight,

And leaping hearts with love and pleasure full,

The lark is warbling to the angels high,

And space is quivering with its lovely strain—

Spirit of light, thy jubilee is nigh,

And earth with joy is teaming warm and fain,

And hails thy dazzling universal reign.

In busy life sweep o'er the broad blue deep,

Like bird flocks on the Firth, the fisher fleets

On homeward, with their full white bending sheets,

And happy maids and mothers run to reap

The harvest of the net, with welcome smile,

Which cheers the sturdy heart with the reward

That bears away the burthen of their toil,

And is to them the riches of a lord

In deep recesses of their bosom stored.

Now peering through a dim and dusky cloud
Loom high the tower and churches of Dundee ;
Yon haunt of love, the Law-hill, now we see,
And hear the wheel of thrift and hammer loud.
Long, long, yon gaunt grey tower its shade has cast
O'er countless generations disappeared,
And looks down on the present from the past,
Where from the spoiler's hand industry reared
Her noble head, and conquest never feared.

'Twas not enough, though pillaged oft and burned,
From Edward's spoils, and crimes of Lancaster,
And slaughters of the merciless massacre—
Strong and gigantic, she again returned
To wealth, the proud Geneva of the North ;
Nor ruthless deeds of Monke and fierce Montrose
Could sink her in the dust ; but stalking forth
From ruins and from ashes she arose,
Who could not be down-trampled by her foes.

The mighty sun is on his golden car,
And pacing like a god through boundless space ;
Rich mingled hues are blended on the face
Of yon blue vault of heaven, and, rippling far,
The wide sea with a flood of beauty beams,
And nature with her glories fills the scene—
Rejoicing in her wealth of grandeur, teems
With laughing loveliness o'er wood and green,
As evening comes enchanting as a queen.

The Fife hills wave with flowing sheets of gold,
As shade and sunshine flood o'er slope and lea,
Reflected in the shining mirror sea ;
But twilight soon will have her curtain rolled—
That fairy scene is waning dim and dun—
Anon its pleasures will be lost in night ;
From light to shade time doth for ever run ;
Change adds to nature's charms, and to our sight
Morn' soars from gloom more luminous to light.

From growling Winter, Spring comes sweetly dear,
With smiles we love, yet look for Summer bright,
Amid whose gorgeousness of grand delight
We think of full, ripe Autumn drawing near,
Whose hot oppression sends us in the shade
To speak again of Winter's cooling breeze.
Change still is welcome—nature blooms to fade,
And fades to bloom ; e'en storms will come to ease
Life's dull monotony, and frown to please.

Halt ! for this eminence is classic ground—
The sunny plains of Paradise are here,
And wimpling Forth glistening pure and clear,
With waveled love-knot links her charms abound.
The vale of Allan, like the Hesperides,
With ornate splendour rich the vision fills,
'Mid beauteous mazes, through the woods and glades,
The ravished eye sweeps o'er the Ochil hills,
Streaked with their gorges dun and sheeny rills.

The ample Carse spreads out her grand display
Of glories burnished with the light of gold.
Scenes pencilled by the hand of God unfold
Woodland magnificence, the wide, the gay
Luxuriant verdure of the spreading lawn,
The craggy islet rocks, the distant chain
Of towering heights, where frisks the merry fawn,
All loveliness to dazzle and to gain,
And captivate with grandeur told in vain.

There nature lofty towering, crowned in might,
Reigns 'mid yon far blue peaks that pierce the sky—
The bold, eternal ramparts that defy
The wrath of elements and still invite
The soul's full adoration to his throne,
Solemn and grand and gorgeous as he sways
In majesty 'bove landscapes that have shone
Sacred to freedom, where her people pays
Tribute of love that fires into a blaze.

And this is Stirling's far-famed castle height.
On yon bold crag great Wallace waved his brand,
Whose soul was full of all his native land,
Whose sword was justice, and whose stroke was right,
Shades of the great departed look around.
Their patriot arms seem flashing in our view,
And heaven hath named this consecrated ground,
Whose God gave strength to Scotland when she drew
Power in her arms, and tyrants overthrew.

Great-hearted Wallace, still unmoved, unbent,
Thy country's love, the passion of thy heart
Stood firm, devoted, never to depart ;
Thou wert a gift from the eternal sent,
And as thy strength of arm, thy strength of will,
Unselfish, firm in loyalty the same,
Thy life wed to thy cause, unshaken still.
Thy mighty mind soared to a lofty aim,
Inspired to deeds eternal as thy fame.

Thou midst the faithless faithful stood alone,
Whose spirit power could never crush nor bind ;
No royal prince by birth, but prince in mind—
True when the noble, but the false had gone
To sell the coward's birthright for a mess,
Like the apostate Angus and Dunbar,
Whose high-birth boast but made their souls the less,
Whilst thine, still fixed as yonder polar star,
Shone through the storm, and dared the rage of war.

Thy country fell ; thou, her defender, came
And to oppression proud defiance hurled ;
Where honour lauds thy daring through the world
It blasts aloud a tyrant's deed of shame.
That deed a thousand tongues could ne'er efface
With all that subtile sophistry could dole—
Still stands the inky, bloated, base disgrace ;
Black in that page of crime revels the whole,
They mangled thee, but could not smite thy soul.

And treachery gained what power had ne'er subdued,
But meanly purchased by the price of blood—
The Judas crime of old Robroyston Wood,
Sacred to shame, is with thy blood imbued.

They sneered and crowned thee with the laurel crown,
But in their mocking blindness could not see
That they had crowned with laurels thy renown.
Honoured art thou, and all that fell with thee,
Thou patriot martyr, monarch of the free.

Thy country's love is now thy monument,
Her heart the living temple of thy fame; •
Through time's long ages still will shine thy name,
Though states may change or revolutions rent.
It holds a charm endearing to a cause,
That cause a world's, that world is humankind,
By whom doth freedom stand maintaining laws
Which man to man in peace will ever bind,
Should justice gain dominion o'er the mind.

The world is like its oceans when a gale
On placid waters slumbers in the east; [ceased
Still, somewhere growls the storm, and ne'er hath
Wrecks on the raging billows, where the wail
And shriek of terror sinks in pale despair.
So storms the war of nations, and the cry
Of change, or huge convulsions ever there,
Or grasping big ambition soaring high
Into a god for whom must armies die.

And war is still the conqueror's bloody game,
Is not the world large enough for all?

Rich states are trampled, happy kingdoms fall,
And empires grasp, intrigue, and rouse the flame.

Strength is the plea of might; 'tis not the just
But the all-powerful triumph in the wrong;

The claim of right must perish, yield you must.
How long, O righteous Heaven, will it be long
Till love be here our universal song?

Yonder the scene of battlefields untold,
And unrecorded deeds of ancient boast,
Long buried in the night of ages lost—

Where Scot and Saxon oft in gore have rolled.

Behold that scene! there, 'neath the iron heel,
With gushing wounds, hath many a warrior bled;

Where echoed oft the clang and clash of steel,
And war-hoofs shook the earth beneath their tread.
Their glory leaps from the illustrious dead.

There the usurping, haughty Edward came,

In all the blazonry and pomp of war;

There Randolph's victory was the omen star
That roused the patriot ardour to a flame;

There fell the proud and vaunting Giant Bohun,
Cleaved lifeless 'neath the swing of Bruce's stroke;

There knelt and prayed to Heaven an army soon
To rise and meet a mighty ocean shock
That fell back like the breakers from the rock.

On that huge host their flashing eyes were set ;
Charge came on charge, but still to England's woe
The crash of carnage crushed the mighty foe ;
The swinging axe and swords of death were met,
Our power of arms the massy columns rent ;
Their spear-ranks shattered, and the iron shield
And lines of steel, a blasted forest, bent
Before the storm like trampled reeds to yield,
On freedom's great and consecrated field.

And cheers of triumph rung to raptur'd Heaven,
And thousands waved in air the reeking blade ;
Death's sable angel hovered o'er the dead,
And prostrate lay the standard rent and riven ;
The vanquished fled where they had come to gain ;
With blood-red tresses matted in the sun
Their warriors clad the turf, and o'er the plain
Death told the deeds of havoc we had done
Ere Freedom's field and Scotland's day were won.

Oh Bruce ! the great and wisest of our kings,
Whom toil nor hardships, nor adversity,
Nor pain, nor peril, nor defeat could stay
The ardour of thy soul, that ever brings
Love from our millions. Thou, despising fear,
Could ne'er see danger in the storm to blast
The hope that clung and clung till thy career
Of long enduring sufferings of the past
Gave thee full-measured glory at the last.

Dear Bannockburn ! thou art our Marathon,
Our magnet—for our souls still cling to thee—
Field of the brave, the honoured, and the free,
Out from the strife of armies thou hast shone :
In thee were deeds that ne'er will be forgot,
By mighty names undying, still in prime,
Adding new charms as distance grows remote—
There Freedom rose effulgent and sublime,
And nations sing her universal hymn.

Thou'rt consecrated to us where do lie
The brave, whose ashes are like dust of gold :
Born to be free, hereditary, bold.
Their deeds are one great immortality ;
Spirits that soared where fetters could not bind,
And deemed it better for to die than bend,
Strong in the arm and sturdy in the mind,
Whose pride did far above the slave transcend,
Fame is their meed, and honour without end.

These struggles long are past, let past take wing ;
The sword is sheathed between us, but to leap
From out its trusty scabbard, and to keep
Our foes at bay ; our wills together cling.
Great nature made both lands one common isle,
By the strong powers of friendship will we stand
Defending both together—rank and file—
The liberty of this, our native land,
Shoulder to shoulder, fighting hand to hand.

Greece ne'er was ought that Britain hath not been ;
Rome ne'er was ought that Britain cannot be ;
Rome's conquered states were slaves, but ours are free.
Gems on our crown that shine with glory's sheen,
Nor captive gladiators dying cling
To earth, 'mid plaudits of a savage throng,
Here plebeians soar, and make the world ring
Where proud patricians thundered in the wrong,
And claimed the rights which to the whole belong.

May Britain's mighty power in every clime
Guard o'er her happy people and their store ;
Her bulwarks of the flood defend her shore ;
Her master minds diffuse through endless time
Her wealth of genius, ever giving birth
To noble aspirations, pure and bright ;
Her wealth reaped from the gardens of the earth ;
Parent of peace, nor shrinking from the fight
While towering on the pinnacle of right.

There's joy in Heaven when the nations greet
Each other with the olive branch of love.
When millions in concordant feelings move,
And mighty kings as royal brothers meet,
And Senates bid the storms of war be still
That made the world tremble ; and the free
Have crushed the tyrant, and the mutual will
Has changed the foe to friend in love, as we
Have crushed the hate that was, nor more shall be.

Over creation boundless comes the day,
In rich magnificence around and round,
There by Lochsloy the glistening gems abound
Of Flora's pride in this her virgin May.

See from a bed of gold, 'neath dappled skies,
Forth from the deep and sable gloom of night,
Up doth the sun a god of glory rise,
Gorgeous with regal robes supremely bright,
To fill ten thousand scenes with new delight.

Now sport we on the summit of the Ben
As on the throne of nature, and our eyes
Roam o'er the lofty regions, where arise
Sweet morn's effulgent beauties to the ken,
She now encloses in her smiling glance
Scenes of clan Alpin's feuds, where braved in fight
Bold Roderick Dhu, who ne'er shunned sword or lance,
The might of Snowdown's bold unconquered knight,
And sought revenge, and fell for honour's right.

See where the Trossachs, rude, and grand, and wild,
Ope nature's gates of adamant, and high
The bleating lambkins up on summits lie,
And the goat gambling leaps where rocks are piled
Tumultuous round the cave of Ben-Venu.
Haunt of bandittis past, and shaggy men,
Scenes where the pilgrim lingers long to view,
And Scott hath made immortal. Now as then
Man feels the glowing raptures of his pen.

Round Kathrine's Lake and Helen's fairy Isle,
He waved the wand of genius o'er the scene,
And crowned her, in her classic beauty, Queen
Of the enchanted waters that beguile
The visions of the mind to legions old,
And river kelpies of the dreamy brain,
Amid the Grampian's pomp of sunny gold,
That magic land of grove, and wood, and lane,
Singing like Heaven makes soul and fancy fain.

Mother of lakes, the sparkling winding Teith,
Sweeps on through mountain chain and verdant vale.
There yawns dark Leny's pass of many a tale,
And great Ben-Ledi casts broad shades beneath
O'er Druid relics strewed upon its base.
Each old world fragment pilgrims invites
Where from the sacrifice rose smoke and haze,
'Mid songs and incantations, grim delights
Of savage superstitious pagan rites.

'Neath is M'Gregor's cave, the rugged land
Where winter's tempests sweep adown the shore,
And through the corries and the cavern's roar,
Mighty, and awful, terribly grand,
The foaming streams dash down each mountain linn,
Over the dizzy steeps in clouds of spray,
And the dread thunders peel with rolling din,
Filling the vault of heaven with wild dismay,
And on the lightning's glance fades far away.

Now blend the tints of red and azure hue,
Where hills far o'er the west like waves arise,
Till lost in mist of rainbow melting dyes,
Floats in the clouds that sweet dissolving view.

Anon the giant mountains fade away,
Then peer again enchantment's fleeting sight,
Up through vermillion clouds of glory gay,
Filling the soul with an elysium bright,
And boundless ecstasy's effulgent height.

And Lomond, pride of Scotland's lakes, is seen,
Deep crouched amid the mountains, and beguiles
The fancy to her crowd of fairy isles.
Strewed o'er her ample bosom's silver sheen,
A sea of solitude and shining bays,
Recedes 'mid pastured peninsulas fair,
Serenely calm on which the heavens gaze,
Smiling on peace, for loveliness is there
Wide magnified on liquid beauty rare.

Pale curls the village smoke the morn to greet,
Life leaps from silent sleep—the world's awake.
Hinds to the woods, and fishers to the lake,
Where scuds the wherry with the snow-white sheet,
Like insect to the microscopic eye.
Is man the magnate of power and skill?
We palaces like cottages descry,
But care not now for prince or lordling's will,
Nor aught which life our days with sorrows fill.

That land is not the greatest which hath rent
Kingdoms asunder, striking wild despair
Into the heart of millions, 'mid the flare
And pomp of armies, when ambition, bent
On plunder, dazzles with the conqueror's fame,
Who hath convulsed the globe, and laid the load
Of bondage on her slaves, hath hither came,
Trampling her fields, and with the chain and rod
Demands with fire the homage to a god.

No ; 'tis the land that doth the despot dare,
Scorning his trophies as the robber's spoil,
And his colossal strides and marshal toil,
Changing the earth to death's dark sepulchre.
To strike him in his march of blood and pain,
And with a giant arm, as if divine,
Hurl retribution, shivering spear and chain,
Ever unfettered, still such deeds benign,
For liberty ! my country, hath been thine.

The ocean, rolling 'mid thy mountain chains,
The dark deep precipice that doth appall
When down we gaze, and trembling, seem to fall ;
Thy concerts of the woods ; thy all that gains
The heart to overflowing love of thee,
These make thy patriot sons and daughters fair,
Teeming with the affections of the free,
Cling to thee as a mother, thou their care,
And cause to fondly cherish and to dare.

Creation ! thy magnificence is here,
The grandeur of a world is at our feet,
Cities of pouring wealth the golden seat,
And temples of duration that do rear
Their gorgeous spires up high o'er glen and vale,
And rich profusions of the field and wood,
Thy empire of sublimity we hail,
Laden with glory, here thy genius stood,
To light thy splendour up a teeming flood.

'Mid scenes like this, we soar to the sublime,
And He who reigns o'er worlds supremely great,
Whose throne is Heaven, the universe His state ;
In Him is all omniscient and benign,
Whose wealth of wonders is but understood
In limitless immensity abroad,
'Mid wide magnificence, and magnitude
Where fancy on the path of Heaven hath trode,
To be with nature, and to be with God.

INTRODUCTION TO THE MONARCH'S DREAM.

IN bringing this piece to the notice of Readers, the Author feels desirous to state that it has always been a part of his political creed to adhere to the principles of Constitutional Monarchy, where the interests of all classes are equally and fairly represented, their rights maintained and held sacred to justice ; where confidence is established by firm and wise rulers, and life and property made safe and protected by the strong arm of the law. In consequence of having cherished these opinions, the idea and plan of this poem have been suggested, wherein the above system of government is made to supersede the reign of despotism, the accomplishment of which is likely to be in the fullness of time, when education has made sufficient inroads in the regions of barbarity, and man becomes so intelligent as to know and maintain his true position and birthright, who, while he fulfils the duties of life given him to accomplish, and cultivates those faculties with which God has endowed him, feels himself entitled to stand on the strength and honour of his virtues, free and unfettered in the full enjoyment and equal privileges of his fellow-men.

In explaining the nature of this piece it will be necessary to state that the principal characters who figure therein are all named so as to point them out as the representatives and heads of a system ; and as despotism originated in the East, so will the Eastern monarchs be the last to accept, without a struggle of some kind, the (to them) new order of things, unless awakened by the light of knowledge given to them by free countries to see the full value of their importance.

The poem opens with a description of the Court of Despotus, an absolute monarch, revelling in all the allurements of pleasure and luxury, and who, while surrounded by dazzling and barbarous splendour, intoxicated by conquest and greatness, is dignified

with importance, and receives the homage of a deity, till satiated and exhausted with more than human nature can enjoy, falls asleep and dreams of the Isle of Freedom, in which the reader recognises Britain, that model of constitutional monarchy which is destined to extend the influence of her greatness, and give that lesson to the world which may induce the Empires of Earth to declare for her free and noble institutions.

In part second, Despotus, after visiting in his dream the Isle of Freedom, deems himself returned to his own country, where he sways the subjects of his dominions with the iron rod of authority, till his tyranny becomes so intolerable that the nations which he has conquered rise in revolt and decide for liberty. The characters here represented may be taken figuratively as the spirit and voice of the nations embodied in their leader, when maintaining their rights, and roused to action by the power which the example of Britain has given to mankind in every clime, to adopt the system of constitutional governments and to place freedom on despotic thrones. The battle scene is a vision of the struggle of the kingdoms maintaining their cause by an appeal to arms, whether universal liberty to mankind may be gained by such means to an end, or the superior power of reason, the Author has not the gift of prophecy to know; but a struggle there will be, which by the latter means, it is to be hoped, will be fully accomplished, and give to the sons of Freedom a bloodless victory.

In part third Despotus is conquered, and deserted by his followers, and finding himself alone and shut out from mankind, in order to rally to his standard and cause the friends who enjoyed his favours and shared his former fortunes, he resolves to return in disguise to the palace of his throne, where on his way he mingles with the crowd of his former subjects, who hail with acclamations of joy the entrance of their conquerors to the city as their deliverers from the slavery which Despotus' tyranny compelled them to suffer, and there, unknown to them, he listens to his former courtiers and flatterers who hovered round him in the splendour of his greatness, and lived on his favours and his smiles, like the reptile that changes his skin, casting off the hypocrisy that enveloped their real thoughts and

feelings towards him, and now deriding and denouncing him as a detestable tyrant, and adapting themselves to the new order of things. Still he remains amongst them, silent and unknown to all, and contemplates passing in procession before him the pompous triumphal march of his conquerors, and beholds by the voice of his nobles the Queen of Freedom exalted with his royal honours, and seated upon his former throne.

In the fourth part Despotus finds himself in a labyrinth of darkness, bewildered and alone, when Fate approaches, at whose command the mirror of destiny is placed before him, in which is reflected the past, with its horrors, while Justice is beckoning Freedom to the future, where Despotus is made to see his power superseded by the reign of Freedom, and is told that the only alternative left for him in order to retain his throne is to change his absolute to a constitutional monarchy, or have the interpretation of his dream realised by the reality of his defeat in the battle of liberty.

THE MONARCH'S DREAM.

PART I.

Despotus ! all supreme, a prince of fame,
His sceptre wielded over many lands,
And high for conquest rose his mighty name
Far o'er the nations, like a god who stands,
The great omnipotent, his mandates came
In thunders, as an oracle commands
The ears of wonder ; kings did greatly vie
To yield him honours they dared not deny.

Before him fell their armies when in strife,
Till terror shook the earth, and pitying Heaven
E'en wept to see the waste of human life,
As towns were stormed, and pillaged states were riven,
The aged sire dragged from the wailing wife,
Oft swelled the gory carnage, or were driven
Far from their land of birth, where merciless wrath
Strewed death and devastation on their path.

And in his court there was the grand and cold
Routine of forms up to his mighty sphere ;
There crawled his slaves, and minions fawned for gold,
And armies grim maintained his reign of fear,
Where the pale widow's tale could ne'er be told ;
Far from the wail of want, the orphan's tear,
Shut from the hate or scorn which man might feel,
He reigned a god within his walls of steel.

Astrologers discovered in the skies
His star of destiny did far outshine,
The hosts of Heaven, and councils of the wise ;
His lineage vowed eternal and divine,
Whilst awed and wondering states gazed in surprise,
And hailed this monarch of celestial line,
To whose high court of splendour came the great,
Princes to kneel, to worship, and to wait.

His gardens vied the fabled Hesperades,
There velvet violets kissed Aurora's beams ;

All flowers and fruits perfumed the sylvan shades ;
In tuneful numbers sung the lucid streams,
And melting melodies of birds in glades
Rose nature's carols soft, whose concert seems
Meet for the gods, so swelled their jocund lays,
Whilst minstrels showered delights to charm his days.

There would he wander, till his raptured soul,
Full of admiring, sank each night to rest ;
Still found not he contentment's sunny goal,
Though each day brought new scenes at his behest,
And splendour gave new lustre to the whole,
And changing novelties were ne'er at rest,
And all life's sweets in turns did he kiss ;
Voluptuous luxury is not earthly bliss.

It was his birthday fetes, his palace halls
Blazed with the gleam of golden chandeliers ;
On went the royal banquets and the balls,
And all that airy vanity reveres,
Till princely hospitality recalls
The scenes of ancient story, one oft hears
Of merry monarchs, with their feasts and plays,
And tournaments in grand departed days.

Gay were his thousand guests, and joy benign,
Lept in the heaving bosoms of the bold ;
The chalace sparkled with the mellow wine,
Rich was the feast with mirth, and manifold

•

The scenes of revels charmed the gay to dine,
And proud and stately nobles all extolled
Those happy holidays and banquetings,
Whose luxuries were the delight of kings.

Mirth smiled on him with beaming countenance,
And happy dimpled cheek and polished brow,
And sneaking sycophants, with sleek pretence,
And watchful eyes, who guessed I know not how
His rising wishes, then would usher hence,
Lythe limbed and laughing maids to skip and bow,
Whose clear and ringing voices filled the whole
With joys that kindled rapture in his soul.

There dulcet trembling music filled the air
With smooth sweet melodies, a streaming strain,
Fading and flowing, quivering everywhere,
And melting into naught, to rise again
To dear delicious tones that soothed his care,
From his imperial heart expelling pain,
His whole soul hence had followed where they went,
Till the last tender fading note was spent.

Nymphs of patrician honours, gay as fair,
In pleasure's train played with sweet winning eyes,
Floating with gay and sylph-like happy air,
Unconscious of their charms that won surprise ;
Amid the dizzy whirl of beauty rare,
Whose rich voluptuous smiles won royal sighs,

He drank the cup of joys without restraint,
As the Elysian hours unheeded went.

There stalked the hero of the jewelled sword,
With waving plumage round the grand saloon ;
There pride with all the scorn he could afford,
Deigned e'en to smile a dignified buffoon ;
There mirth arose, and at the monarch's word,
Gave wit the cue to pass the gay lampoon,
Whilst joy a string of peerless beauty led,
On to the dance, she leaping at their head.

Thus went the ball of grandeur, till the spell
Of all delights and pleasures 'gan to fail,
Then music jarring on his senses fell,
And all had passed but as an idle tale ;
Satiety loathed all that pleased so well,
To him all sweets and fruits were rank and stale ;
Nerveless and languid, weary of excess,
He sought repose in sleep's forgetfulness.

The pearl sparkling on the queenly brow,
The oyster gave a pure transparent drop,
So dormant virtues rise, we know not how,
From the soul's depths, like gleaming gems of hope,
Looking to honour's worth, that will not bow
To vice debased, nor crafty malice stop
The path to fame ; for pomp and hallow show
Is naught where God the higher gifts bestow.

And feasts like carnivals will have an end,
And theirs had fled away as others do ;
Our days of happiness were sent to blend
With cares, and leave their good impressions too ;
When fortune comes, oft Providence will send
Reverses on to bid reflection rue
The arrogance that vaunts with vain display
O'er gilded gauds of frail humanity.

As fashion's hollow vanities had told
Him all which seems is not what it appears,
He, thus reflecting on his couch of gold,
To slumber went with music in his ears.
Then dreamed he of aspiring days of old,
And battles won 'mid triumph's lusty cheers,
And thought he must have kingdoms more to get,
For, with his all, he was not happy yet.

Thus, like the aloe flower that blossoms forth
And drinks the life juice of the plants around,
Vile passions wither up the flowers of worth,
Blighting the soul where talents most abound ;
And he who craves dominion over earth
And dreams of some Elysium to be found,
When reigning over mortals everywhere,
Increases power but to increase his care.

All have their scenes of weal or woe in dreams,
And grand enchanting fancies when awake ;

I, too, could tell of visions, but it seems
Poet's imaginations seldom take,
And one sees wisdom which another deems
Affected folly; so just for the sake
Of trial comes my muse in fancy's flight,
To tell Despotus' vision of that night.

He dreamed high 'bove the sea there rose in view,
A towering Isle of beauty old in fame;
Who ruled on earth more than he ever knew,
Queen of dominions where her mandates came.
O'er boundless regions there obedience grew
To mutual homage, for it seemed the same
Great land of freedom that can ever stem
The tides of war, the world's ocean gem.

'Twas she, the Isle of ages in her pride
And light of glory hallowed evermore,
Eternal as the waves that lash her side
And bear her royal smiles to every shore.
Home, where the Exile looks on freedom wide,
Where flights of genius 'bove her millions soar,
And Afric's slave a bolder front maintains,
Dashes to earth his manacles and chains.

There freedom choose as champion of the right,
The veteran soldier, Patriot, the bold;
Who proudly buckled honour's armour bright,
The heirloom of her chivalry of old.

Strong in the cause and fearless in the fight,
To trembling tyrants deeds of him were told,
That shook their empires where his giant hand
Struck with the lightning of his flashing brand.

'Twas Patriot's will that freedom should be great,
As she was just, and generous, and good ;
No slavish fetters be her people's fate,
Hailed by a world, the monarch of the flood.
Her grand and golden motto was the hate
And will to smite oppression where it stood ;
Queen of the boundless deep, ten-thousand sail
Launched from her shores were braving every gale,

And swept o'er mountain waves of every sea,
From polar storms to lands beyond the line ;
From spicy groves and vales of orange tree,
Bringing their fruits and riches of the vine :
Till greater grew the Island of the free,
With silken wealth, and treasures of the mine,
And told the lands where slaves on monarchs wait
That to be free alone is to be great.

PART II.

There came a change upon Despotus' dream,
The Isle of freedom faded from his sight ;
Far o'er a sea of storms did he seem,
To reach his home of slaves, the land of blight,

"Her champion comes with haste that will not spare,
Proclaiming detestation to thy name,
And carries desolation everywhere ;
From realms of thine has base rebellion come.
Thy lands are pillaged, and on high the flare
Ascends from villages and towns in flame ;
Help, help, thou who so oft inspired the brave,
And with thy sword our home and country save."

To which he thus replied : " Let cowards flee
The sound of danger, with their honour's shame ;
Hence trembling craven, hence, and learn that we
Will meet our foes and their consuming flame.
Disputing time on time the awful sea
That rolls and swells upon us, and hath come
With hurricanes of war a rising flood,
Sweeping to ruins, deluging with blood,

"Each moment here is as a lifetime gone ;
Away, our fate hangs on a spider's thread ;
Bear tidings to our warriors we alone
Shall urge the brave who oft for us have bled.
And, now, before these rebels seize our throne,
On to the death our armies shall be led ;
We ne'er shall make a shameful end of strife,
And kneel to slaves who sued to us for life."

The shrill long echo of the bugle's call,
Summoned to arms each garrison and tower,

And ranks of bayonets jingled on the wall,
While veteran soldiers mustered in their power ;
And, mounted in hot haste, stalwart and tall,
On prancing chargers at the midnight hour,
Marshalled the warrior knights with naked brand,
And stubborn hosts stood out at their command.

Alarm disturbed the stillness of the night,
As on, with steady measured tramp of feet,
Marched through the city legions for the fight ;
And groups in wondering haste did others meet.
Troopers on snorting steeds, with eager flight
To strike the foe by morn, left in the heat
And zeal of warfare for the deadly fray,
To end in blood the fortunes of the day.

In massy columns, nigh and still more nigh,
The embattled hosts of Patriot neared the field ;
Their armour glanced upon the morning sky ;
Beneath their tread the mighty earth did yield ;
And drums and trumpets and the deafening cry
And shouts of myriads heart and sinew steeled,
Shook trembling space, and rolled away afar,
'Mid marshal strains, swift messengers of war.

Maddened with all the agony of wrong,
Rebellious squadrons soon had reached the plain ;
With them did now the cause of man belong,
With Patriot vowed its glory to maintain.

Whilst fearless knights did round Despotus throng,
And from the royal army rose again
The answered shout like a volcano's roar,
That shook the dome of Heaven o'er and o'er.

Cried Patriot : " Rear the standard of the free ;
This day to man our triumph shall be seen ;
In all the pomp of warfare cometh he,
The enemy of freedom's lovely queen.
Think ye the world was made alone to be
The footstool upon which his power may lean,
That all should groan and be content to gain
The privilege but to live that he may reign ?

" 'Tis ours to love when kings govern us well,
When each command we hasten to obey ;
For such our sons have fought, and bled, and fell,
For such too will we fight and bleed to-day.
Who is the plebeian dastard would rebel,
Where love and justice purchase loyalty ?
We come to crush you, rebel, who hath trode
O'er half a world against the laws of God.

" Move on each phalanx to the teeth of death,
Let freedom reap her laurels, we may say
We give back what he gave, the showers of wrath ;
Now fiery vengeance sweeps his throne away."
All listened grim and stern, with bated breath,
And at his word his squadrons knelt to pray

That Heaven should bear a record of their deeds.
Man is redeemed when man for freedom bleeds.

He gave command with cool and daring look.

Out swords in thousands flew ; the sudden flash
Shone like a blaze of lightning ; 'neath them shook

The fields as with an earthquake, when the dash
Of royal troopers charged. They closed, and took

These foemen in the front ; the mighty clash
Of weapons rung in space for death or life ;
Loud swelled the bugle's call to urge the strife.

The royal ranks now cool and stern came on,

With their destroying forest huge of spears ;
Mixed in the fight of thousands, and anon

Despotus full of majesty appears.
Princely and daring, mighty and alone,

Towering and great above his haughty peers,
Thunders command and frowns but to appall—
The proud but lofty ornament of all.

Their foes wave like a forest by the wind,

The cannons sweep an avenue along ;
The gap is filled, and thousands press behind,

And join the fray of vengeance for their wrong.
And, like a bristling wall, again they bind

Themselves together, steady, firm, and strong,
Fight o'er the dead whose wounds do courage lend,
And plead to them of all they would defend.

The victory paused indifferent to sides,
On Patriot pressed and met them steel to steel ;
The armies struggling like two meeting tides,
In combat, hand to hand, advance and reel.
Nor yet success with either long abides,
Nor to the fight would either turn the heel ;
Each leader rose the giant of his host,
Yet, 'was not honour gained nor glory lost.

That all should hence be free, or all enslaved,
With savage shout, foe thus encountered foe ;
And each the ranks of pointed weapons braved,
And deadly terror fell with every blow.
And battle with its rolling thunders raved,
Nor seemed that fate the victory would bestow,
Or smile on either till the setting sun
Would end the carnage morning had begun.

Despotus still each stroke of valour stood ;
And o'er the battle scene his eagle eye
Gleamed like a meteor, sullen was his mood,
And quickly did each fortune's chance descry.
His knights and soldiers bathed their swords in blood,
And fiercer grew with evening coming nigh,
Confronting death and horrors wild and grim,
Lest, vanquished, half a world would fall with him.

Now, at the head of gallant troops he braves
Advancing legions, and from line to line

His voice inspires them, and his courage saves

Where foes front like the forest of the pine,
And many a heart for night or victory craves.

Yet evening's sun does o'er the slaughter shine,
And still the din of strife the welkin fills,
And rolls the war clouds o'er a thousand hills.

Victor and vanquished death and danger dare ;

The tempest deepens, and the awful tide
Of desolation rages everywhere,

Down on Despotus, shrinking in his pride.
Before the bayonet squares the war steeds rear,
And through the ranks behind they turn and ride
Over the listless dying, plunge and bound,
Or wounded fall, and groaning paw the ground.

The night came on as came the fatal charge,

And Patriot's fearless legions in the fray
Pressed front and flank the royal ranks at large,
Who dauntless met the stroke they could not stay,
And slow and stubborn step by step did verge

From all their holds of power till, broken, they
Did 'neath the wrath of injured thousands yield,
In bands of wild confusion left the field.

The shout of thousands dwindles faint and shrill,

The roar of cannons and the clash of arms ;
The weary legions sleep on plain and hill,
Amid the slain, and dream of war's alarms.

The vulture hovers o'er with greedy bill :

The carrion waste of war to him hath charms ;
And demon ruffians crawl with stealthy dread,
To kill the dying, and to rob the dead.

The horse without his rider free of rein

That night in anguish paced the goary heath ;
And snorting o'er the bodies of the slain,

Descried his master in the sleep of death.
And stood to feel him mount, but stood in vain,
In solemn patience, but ne'er voice nor breath
Of him heard he amid the groaning sounds
Of dying heroes writhing in their wounds.

Upon the splintered sword and shattered spear

The bugler lifeless grasped the silent horn ;
The broken drum did for a pillow bear

The ghastly head, and he who on that morn,
Stalwart and fearless, did the banner rear,
Now grasped in death the staff with colours torn ;
And many a daring spirit took its flight,
And soared above the horrors of that night.

And pity to the lips all parched and pale

Brought crystal waters from the cooling spring ;
She to the veteran heart that seemed to fail

Would whispering in his ear sweet solace bring,
And soothed and silenced down the feeble wail ;
As cruel pain renewed the gnawing sting,

She gently bound the wound with healing balm,
And kindly settled torture to a calm.

Above the scene, death's awful angel spread
The shadow of his sable pinions wide ;
There wrestling to the last mute lay the dead,
In iron grips pale, bleeding side by side ;
And, as if daring each, stiff foes were laid,
When freedom's hosts like a destroying tide
The haughty might of tyrants swept away,
Who made them heirs of fettered slavery.

Amid his routed squadrons faint and pale,
Stricken with hopeless grief, in reckless haste
Despotus fled, and as he fled the trail
In miles of wreck and ruin, and the waste
Of war, and fire, and carnage, and the wail
Of homeless thousands brought the bitter taste
Of crumbled pomp and majesty to mind,
And the lost shattered states he left behind.

And then he thought of all his glory gone,
And the eternal vows of fawning friends
Proclaiming loyalty around his throne,
Swarming with bland obsequious smile that blends
Devotion with deceit, intriguing on
In places of the mighty ones, and ends
Where ruin comes here ; with such slaves of time
Faith is a fool, and honesty a crime.

They all had fled and left him, save the few

Dependent on his bounty; then the pain
Of anguish came to torture, and the view
Of desolation rose up in his brain.

He found to lost misfortune none were true,

And felt betrayed as on a dreary plain,
In's marshal cloak, he went to sleep profound,
The straw his royal couch upon the ground.

As crowed the cock at morn. he paced his tent,

And pale care settled on his ample brow ;
His thoughts like shadows on the waters went
Of tribulation, and he knew not how

That fate to liberty had ever lent

One smile to success : had he not till now
Conquered the nations, to make greatly grand
The empire he had given him to command ?

With wildered mind in mazes of surprise

He could not understand but kings should rule ;
Great, absolute, hereditary wise,

With knowledge given to them in nature's school.
Hence 'bove his rights divine there could arise

No power to crush him ; e'en the brainless fool
Knew all must bend to fate when heaven loads :
Monarchs are born the people's demigods.

Thus as the mountain avalanche will leap

From cliff to rock down thundering to the vale,

Despotus low fell from his lofty steep,
Till all his glory was an idle tale.
Still as the ruined dungeon flower will creep [hail
From sunless gloom through chinks where it may
The golden treasure of a lonely ray,
A beam of hope seemed on his future way.

PART III.

Changed is his dream, and thoughts of new resolves,
Conflicting, battle in his stormy breast ;
And deep-laid scheme and stratagem revolves
Swift through his brain and never come to rest.
The ardour of his wishes him involves
In the dark labyrinth of the oppressed,
Till some great thought comes like a lone surprise,
And bids him look to feats of enterprise.

He thought that to the city, in disguise,
Dragged by some secret spell he chose his path,
That freedom ne'er might make his throne her prize ;
And as he went, he heard loud shouts in wrath
Of "Down with base Despotus," and the cries
Of "Death to tyrants : love to her who hath
The sceptre of humanity, and can
Give peace, and bliss, and liberty to man."

Borne by the rushing stream, he thought the throng
Him carried jostling through the city's gate ;

Where hurrying cavalry swept swift along
To where the cheering citizens did wait
The conquerors who avenged their every wrong,
Whilst frantic joy seemed to intoxicate
The thousands who, as bitterly and loud,
Cursed him, their monarch, hid amid the crowd.

Where triumph's banners floated in the air,
'Mid foes and former friends he hurried on ;
Through streets of balconies, where many a fair
Cheered mild celestial freedom to his throne.
On house tops waved the caps of thousands there,
Who hailed her trophies from his treasures gone,
His plundered wealth to them returned she brings
As exaltation mounts on pleasure's wings.

From where he proudly hurried to the fight,
He stealthly came a fugitive of fear ;
His slaves rejoicing spoke of wrong and right,
His flat'ers now discarded his career.
His fawning lackies, with a grand delight,
Aped in contempt for him the courtier's sneer,
And all his royal fame could now create
Naught but memorials of his people's hate.

Queen freedom rode in triumph, with her train
Of happy citizens, whilst at her heels
Proud princely captives, stalked with haughty mein,
Where kings were fettered to her chariot wheels.

The Heavens were filled with many a martial strain,
And shouts that shook the city with their peals,
As sires held up their sons to see the brave,
Who slew their tyrants to unchain the slave.

From side to side, with majesty of grace
And stately bearing modestly she bowed ;
All 'neath her sweet angelic smile could trace
The generous thought, the wealth of mind, endowed
With lofty virtue, that could claim a place
In love by all who rose their plaudits loud
To her who gave contempt to all the while
Who sold their manhood for Depotus' smile.

That night the city, an illumined blaze,
Shone like the Chinese lantern feast of light ;
Ten thousand voices in exultant praise
Rose martial songs on freedom and their right.
Till thrilled the Heavens with their exquisite lays,
That swelled in strains of opulent delight,
Or charmed the earth with softer notes afar,
As smiling peace now hailed an end of war.

Despotus follows to the hall of kings,
And meets his trusted warriors of old,
Rejoicing with the thousands, as each brings
The tidings where his fall and crimes are told ;
Whilst fame, the laurel wreath to Patriot brings,
Whose every grace and virtue is extolled,

While plenty fills the flowing cup of wine,
And happy revellers in the chorus join.

They saw in Freedom all divinely fair,
And all returned to her the love she gave,
In her hailed majesty with artless air :
Enchantment was in all she did or said.
Their warm and boundless homage did she share,
They life and loyalty before her laid,—
That sacred power by which she climbed the height
Of empire, and, in gaining, gave delight.

For they had placed her on Despotus' throne,
And through the spacious galleries in wait
There slowly moved a long procession on,
In gold embroidered vestments of the state.
Despotus 'mid his courtiers stood unknown,
To hear himself denounced their deepest hate,
While she in their affections reigned the while,
Who borrowed all their pleasures from her smile.

And while she sits their own anointed queen,
With beauty's ample brow angelic white,
Her golden ringlets on her shoulders lean,
Whose unadornment gives to all delight.
Her sweet and winning eyes of purest sheen
Now mirrors forth her virtues to invite
The warm reverence love alone can gain,
When royal minds are great, nor greatly vain.

Soon at her palace, marshalled in array,
Her guards were on the spacious avenue ;
A stalwart, brave, and stately galaxy
Of plumed and veteran warriors, stern and true.
There pleasant usherers led on the way,
'Mid gay commotions all had parts to do ;
The tables filled by plenty's generous hand,
Gave jolly cheer to gladden all the land.

There shone a flood of gorgeous ornament
From rich and massy pillars, and between,
Like icicles, their sparkling glories sent
A light from many an arch of diamond sheen ;
Like Anteparo's grotto, hues were blent
Of dazzling brilliancy that ne'er has been,
In all which fancy to the mind displays,
Through dreamy lands of old enchanted days.

With golden lyre and melting silver lute
Sweet music swelled in many a tender tone ;
The quivering dulcimer was seldom mute ;
The choir the praise of admiration won :
Its soft sweet numbers mingled for to suit
All varied wishes ; ever and anon
Poured forth the bold or soothing mellow strain,
All sense or soul of ecstasy could gain.

In harmony, with raptures unrestrained,
Sweet virgin nymphs with melody of song

Now lavished charms on all, like her who reigned,
Till hearts leapt up 'bove care and every wrong,
And royal hospitality maintained

The wealth of feast and mirth, which all along
That night of joys aloose to pleasure given
Might won the heart to fashion earth like heaven.

With trembling notes their seraph voices rose,
Soft quivering echoes meltingly to move,
And deep and full of music overflows,
Their pure white bosoms swell with strains of love.
Comingling as the stream that gliding goes,
In harmony through glen and shaded grove,
Thus flowed a stream of grand melodious lay
And sacred songs of god-like liberty.

ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

Great Queen of Liberty ! free as the chainless sea !
Mount like sweet Venus thy own golden throne ;
We with tenacity ever will cling to thee,
Blest with the love of thee ever our own.
For by thy cheerful voice man ever will rejoice,
Thou art the power that gives strength to the bold,
Free as the mountain roe looks from her peak of snow,
Wield thou for ever the sceptre of gold.

Great Queen of Liberty ! great may thy nations be,
Waving the sword like a meteor of light ;

Ever be with the strong, bearing that might along,
Triumph in battle proclaimed for the right.
Writhing beneath thy heel, pierced by thy noble steel,
Crushed be the viper that stings to the core ; [while,
Now with thy happy smile, comes from thy throne the
Glories to gladden each slave-blighted shore.

Great Queen of Liberty ! proud as the eagle free,
Soaring the monarch of cloud-crested hill,
By thee we 'll ever gain strength in thy happy reign,
Give but thy wish and that wish is our will.
Where an effulgent ray brightens the sunny day
Free as the silver cloud rides on the gale,
Thou shalt for ever be all we would wish to see,
Millions adoring thee ; hail, ever hail.

Despotus wrath long kindled to a flame,
Now burst forth like an all-consuming fire ;
His pent up passion wild in fury came,
Raging with wrongs and dignity of ire.
Thus rushing in their midst did he proclaim
Them traitors to their own anointed sire,
Of Heaven born lineage, royal in renown,
The monarch of their sceptre and their crown.

“Down on your knees,” said he, “ye who have sold
The birthrights of your sires, and raised instead
This fair usurper to our throne of old ;
Look on us, slaves, and say did we not lead

Your arms to glory? The unconquered bold
The world hath called you, and that honour's meed
We won for you, for which you now have torn
Our robes to rags, and howl at us in scorn.

"Hence, back to your allegiance! ye who swore
The oath of duty, perjured to your shame;
Are we who bled for you to have no more
But the reward of babblers, to blame
And bawl for freedom? Have you not in store
The liberties we gave you, and the fame
Of empire, standing and must ever live,
With all the freedom we may deign to give?"

His courtiers sneering at his grand tirade,
Now gazed in mock humility aghast;
"All honour to our king that was," they said,
"Summon the guards; let him be fettered fast.
And in the silence of the dungeon laid."

"Never," he cried, "whilst life can hold the last;"
His sword leapt from its sheath, and then the light
Vanished, and plunged him in the pit of night.

PART IV.

Deep far in solemn darkness lost, amazed,
Wandering in thick impenetrable gloom,
In mingled fear and rage his voice he raised,
But all was still and silent as the tomb.

Anon, afar upon a light he gazed,
And saw a being come as with his doom,
Whose look immortal taught his heart to feel
That to such power all majesty must kneel.

With heaving bosom, wild and flashing eyes,
He gazed and gazed as he with princely gait
Sternly approached him ; then a dread surprise
Grew up within his bosom to create
The wonder-thoughts that did arise and rise
As rose his kingly brow to wait and wait
On him who through the gloom had pierced his way
And towered upon him like a deity.

This being met his eyes, and meaning knew
Of that proud soul reflected in their light,
Then silence broke with eloquence that flew
In copious accents on their soaring flight,
Till, overawed, Dispotus humbler grew,
As flowed those sentiments of lofty height,
And he of awful presence gave in name
The weighty mission upon which he came.

“My name,” said he, “is Fate, and my resolve
I bring to thee as changeless as my will,
And ere thou by thy haughty pride involve
Thyself in ruin, and the burden fill
Of cares to rack thee, it is mine to solve
The problem of thy future, ere the hill

Of might thou seek'st to climb in vain to meet,
Immortal laurels springing at thy feet.

“There Hope, the flatterer, may lead thee on,
By step succeeding step, its sunny side
To seek ambition's summit, there alone
To stand supreme of men, that all beside
Might look to thee on thy bedazzled throne,
Extolled to rule o'er regions far and wide ;
But thou shalt fall in thy ascending route
By some false step to where thou did'st set out.

“Man oft leaves happiness to look for more,
Nor deems that e'er he left its charms behind,
Till disappointment on the distant shore
Is all his fretful discontent can find.
On thee did not the wealth of nations pour
For which the more would'st thou the nations bind ?
Thy light of fortune yet must cease to burn :
Oppression reaps but vengeance in return.

“Slave to thy passions, would'st enslave the world ;
Hast thou not made a virtue of revenge,
And thrones and kingdoms to the dust hast hurled ?
I've seen thee rule too long ; thy power must change.
On man too long thy lip of scorn hast curled,
And didst too long the laws of peace derange ;
Not long the nations will be ruled by thee,
Unless proclaimed the nations of the free.”

He waved his flambeau and the sable haze
Around him like the vapours passed away.
Despotus, all bewildered, stood to gaze,
As like the rising sun at coming day.
A round, grand mirror neared them with the blaze
Of full reflecting glories to display,
By magic scenes of wonder, all the sum
Of struggles past and changes yet to come.

High came the future o'er a sea of light,
On wings of gold, and followed in her train
Her nymphs of beauty, smiling with delight,
Bearing the mirror to display the reign
Of tyrants, who have ever trode on right;
When Fate commands, he ne'er commands in vain;
The conquered monarch, with the broken sword,
Falls from his throne, obedient to his word.

"Look on that mirror," said he, "and behold
Yon staid and grim procession of the past;
In each grave face a history is told
Of dark blind superstition, and the vast
And empty sacred mummeries of old,
When in the time intollerence had cast
In chains and dungeons, by the force of might,
Almighty truth that battled for the right.

"Enveloped in the mist of ignorance,
With all their hideous rude barbarity :

"That train of tyrant kings have vanished hence,
A monster hydra of deformity ;
Their torturers and their gibbets to the dense
Dim shadows, far in time, are all away,
With wars of faiths, and horrors heretofore,
Those bigots and their grand inquisidore.

"Look where in the prospective comes the while,
Encircled by a halo of delight,
Angelic Justice, with her dimpled smile,
And eyes of placid beauty, pure and bright,
And full of promise, beck'ning on to wile
Fair Freedom and her champion for the right
To claim thy ancient sceptre and thy crown,
With all their fame and lustre of renown.

"And now comes forth the age of happy Peace
And smiling progress on the march of time,
And all her sons of mind, who never cease
To grasp the thoughts that soar to the sublime
And add to treasured knowledge, and increase
The frugal arts, the world's discarding crime,
And seek but that which first was nature's plan,
The rights of birth, the dignity of man.

"Upon the crown of Freedom is a gem
Of priceless beauty, worth a thousand thrones ;
That gem is Liberty, and honours them
Who here the most of royal greatness owns,

And ne'er degrades humanity to stem
The freeborn thought, nor doth the wails or groans
Of slaves delight her ; but with diligence
Reigns she the light of warm benevolence.

“ All-conquering Reason, power can never chain,
And Liberty, though conquered, is not lost ;
But still will rally to the charge again,
And crush the despot of the empty boast.
He who governs the free doth freely reign,
And of life's royal honours gains the most,
Is more exalted in his lofty state,
And rules the greatest who doth rule the great.

“ In yonder Isle of Freedom's grand abode,
The power of genius climbs the lofty steep
Of science, where, obedient to her nod,
The might of mind and knowledge ever reap
The fruits of virtue ; while she clings to God
Prosperity will her abundance keep,
And an enlightened world embrace her sway ;
Such is the end and will of destiny.

“ For in her land the bondsman is not sold,
Nor bleeding lash will e'er his spirits gnaw ;
The rule of tyrants patience cannot hold,
Indignant nature e'er defies the law
Which Heaven condemns, and freedom still has told
The sons of liberty must fearless draw

The sword of righteous justice at her call,
And tower to power where hated tyrants fall."

Despotus trembled, with a deep remorse,
A cloud of darkness settled on his brow,
"This mirror," said he, "counsels with the force
And might of eloquence, and tells us how
Adversity may come from this to worse ;
Speak to me, mystic being, are we now
To see the sceptre falling from our hand
A broken toy, while yet we may command ;

"Our monarchy a mockery of power,
Now crumbling down to ashes of decay ;
Say, have we reached the doomed and fatal hour
That ends our long and royal dynasty,
On whom for ages still did honours shower
Of lauding fame and brilliant pageantry ;
We reign to rule, and let them kneel who must,
Kings are of Heaven, and slaves must kiss the dust."

To whom thus Fate replied, "Thy haughty reign
And arrogance alone will seal thy doom ;
What Heaven has sent was never sent in vain,
Let kings rejoice in honours, still there's room
For happiness to echo back again
The joys of plebeian hearts. 'Tis not the gloom
Of slaves can add a lustre to thy throne,
Their smile is fear, their homage is a groan.

The monarch mounts to honour's lofty steep,
And o'er the wide arena of the sun
The daring seaman ploughs the rolling deep,
And genius adds to science laurels won ;
The peasant gives his tribute to the heap,
And all contribute. Thus are all things done ;
The great Omnipotent hath sent them here,
Thus honesty is honoured in his sphere.

To thee thy kingdom is not wholly lost ;
These visionary changes thou didst see,
And men of slaughter, were a mighty host
Of shadowy phantom, armies of the free,
And but the coming scenes of what shall cost
Thee all which thou hast deemed, and what may be,
Which man's intelligence will yet create,
And time in full thy dream interpretate.

These visions which have passed before thy view
Are all to which thy folly yet will lead,
Should'st thou thy fair delusion still pursue ;
Thou yet for greatness claimed shall have, instead,
Just retribution's doom, the balance due,
For hate long planted reaps the poisoned weed ;
Would'st thou have love for scorn and freedom gone ?
No man will act as he is acted on.

Call to thee Prudence, councillor of the wise,
And all thy claims to rigid rule forego ;

Won from thy people loyalty the prize,
 'Tis honour's gem which tyrants ne'er can know,
Then thou to fame and favour may arise;
 'Tis thine to reign, while mine is to bestow.
Farewell, and learn that this is my decree,
•All shall be as the Island of the Free."

He left him thus, then waned away the host
 Of angel nymphs that followed in the wake
Of the fair future, who on wings had crossed
 The golden sea of beauty ; they did take
The mirror with them, and were dimly lost
 In distant clouds of splendour, that did make
The Heavens a wonder of the grand sublime,
Mingling their glories with the coming time.

Such was his dream, may generations see,
 Fate's golden rules of reason, and engage
To emulate the Isle of Liberty,
 And nations live in love through every age.
The earth, from zone to zone, and sea to sea,
 Clinging to balmy peace, and cease to wage
The wars where death and carnage strew the plain,
For he who rules in wrath, but rules in vain.

Oh ! let but erring man rejoice in good,
 His fond ambition be the weal of all,
And nations knit in kindred brotherhood,
 From prince to peasant will the tyrants fall.

Nor seek the laurels won through scenes of blood,
But freedom to the throne of honour call,
And by her long and universal reign,
The world the joys of Paradise regain.

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

Out from the caves of Boreas came,
Mid icicles, with beard of hoar,
Grim surly winter, stern of fame,
Who fills the seas with terror o'er.
High on a mountain's peak he stood,
To reign upon his throne of snow,
Supreme 'bove man or monarchhood,
Or mighty nations far below.

Thus robed in sable clouds of night,
The king of storms of great command,
O'er regions of eternal blight,
The wilderness of lifeless land,
Sent forth his might upon the wind,
And roused the tempest's howling ire,
Which kings nor conquerors cannot bind,
Nor chain his thunderbolts of fire.

And to the hearths of cheery home,
Came merry, jolly Christmas ;

From cot to mansion did he roam,
With choral song and joyful bliss,
And filled the tables till they groaned,
With wassail bowl and lusty ox,
Till louder than the tempest moaned
Rose laughter's ringing happy jokes.

The cold snow flew across the heath,
And beat upon the traveller's cheek,
And drifted to the gathering wreath,
And flocks cowered 'neath the sheltering creek,
And frugal damsels slammed the door
'Gainst flakes intruding to the hearth,
Across the white and polished floor,
To shill the ardour of their mirth.

In good Sir Saxon's ancient tower,
Of wallflower wreaths and ivy charms,
Which onward since the Norman power
Unconquered stood the shock of arms,
Dame Dalton's culinary skill,
The praise of noble quests had won,
And all accorded with a will,
The feast was to perfection done.

Now at the old oak table head,
For fifty Christmas nights at least,
Sir Saxon had the laughter led
With all the honours of the feast ;

And told the stories of the past
With wit, whose flash was never dim,
For life with many a blighting blast,
Had seldom left a grief with him.

And sparkled in the ample grate
The Yule log's cheery sheets of flame,
And o'er the ceiling's lofty height,
The trembling shadows went and came;
And, through the viand's smoky mist,
The fire's congenial flickering ray
The cheeks of rosy beauty kissed.
As sunbeams kiss a morn of May.

A silent stranger from the rest
Gazed eagerly around the hall,
On mail, and sword, and spear, and crest,
Ancestral portraits on the wall,
And relics of the olden time :
The crusade battle-axe and shield,
And harp oft-tuned to minstrel rhyme
Of Agincourt and Bosworth field.

And with an air of courtly grace,
He went to where a portrait hung,
Then gazed round on Sir Saxon's face,
Then with emotion's faltering tongue,
He scanned the portrait's features o'er.
"Dear Heaven," said he, and nearer drew,

Put gallant Moore within his grave,
And, weeping, left our hero there.
'Tis past, but history cannot tell
The hardships of that fearful time,
Men and commanders greatly fell,
Endurance rose to the sublime."

Sir Saxon pressed him to his breast,
He whom he oft had longed to see,
And for his son had loved him best,
A high and honoured friend was he ;
The guests all shook his veteran hand,
And gave him welcome o'er and o'er,
With their goodwill at his command,
To share the table's ample store.

That night went past as nights will do,
But still my tale with love must end,
Sir Saxon thought a man so true
Would dearer be a nearer friend ;
He had a daughter good and fair,
Their guest too was the heir of land,
So Hymen took the noble pair,
And, smiling, joined them heart and hand.

And in the shaded garden bowers,
From war toils resting at their ease,
The friends gave campaign tales for hours,
On perils of the Pyrenees ;

And fields of Wellington of old,
Who lived without a martial stain,
Till death called round, they often told,
Then left, in Heaven to meet again.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

O dream of life, thou fleeting scene,
From childhood's rosy beaming morn,
Of laughing mirth upon the green,
We from thy cheerful circle torn
Are through thy chequered vision borne,
Where hope and fancy may engage
With travellers varied, light, or lorn,
Companions of our pilgrimage.

Is it so long since full of mirth,
With bosoms young and ever gay,
We felt all boundless joys in earth,
All frolic's raptures in our play ?
When life was all a golden day,
Of flowery thoughts and heedless cheer,
Our bloom we deemed would ne'er decay,
Nor sorrow daunt our blithe career.

Is it so long since love was warm,
And passion uttered with a sigh,

The deep, the full, the nameless charm,
The language of the longing eye ;
All that we felt could never die,
And saw no beauty here, or none
In virtue that could ever vie
With her, our own, our chosen one.

The stolen glance, the smile of hope,
And blush, to us the darling spell,
The trembling shy embrace, the drop
That from her lashes purely fell,
Told all the tale she could not tell,
With heaving breast that ne'ertheless
Hid the tumultuous passion's swell,
Yet spoke of more than we could guess.

To be in life when those are gone,
The cherished ones who left us here,
And weep their memory alone,
The legacy of many a tear ;
Apart from all for ever dear,
How bitter is the thought that stings,
When to the mind their smiles appear,
And to our thoughts their laughter rings.

Oh ! wedlock's settled, sacred bliss,
With sweet ones clinging to our knee,
Is Hymen's paradise in this ;
Strange dream when thoughts and hearts agree,

And all the hopes of life we see,
In these who guileless are of art,
Fond in our bosoms live as we
Should love the beauties of our heart.

There's gay hours in the dream of life ;
There fortune is not always sad,
And peace is sweeter after strife,
And joy from sorrow doubly glad ;
With all that can in life be had,
Contentment is a millionaire,
Who holds in scorn the sordid bad,
The poor of soul and slave of care.

As wheel the twinkling planets round
Their endless course since time began,
As comes the season's seed to ground,
And grows to ripened food for man,
All here revolves in nature's plan,
To live, to wither, and to lie,
As generations erst have ran,
Thus birth will spring and life will die.

Where are they all whom I have known ?
Some sleeping in the desert sand,
Some in the ocean, others strewn
In battle with the bloody brand,
Who there for honour made their stand ;
To them hath fame blown out her blast,

Whose dazzling robes are ever grand,
And charms delusive to the last.

I have him not who in his chair
Died pondering o'er the sacred page,
Whose patriarch counsels I did share,
And heavenward thoughts matured in age,
With Abram, zeal benign and sage,
As tears of love fell from his eyes,
And fervour in its course assuage
His swelling breast with honest sighs.

Where is he whose expanded mind
Lived with the giants of the muse,
And all who honoured human kind,
Whose heart was ours? 'Tis hard to lose
The friends who ne'er would trust abuse,
The warm, the social, and the good ;
We seldom know their lofty views
Till time hath made them understood.

The mind then treasures up the jest,
Like Yorick's flash that oft would fly
From honest lips, when truth, the test
Of moral worth in rivalry
Laid nude the knave of sable dye,
Or mirth-provoking humour spent,
Profuse the wit that would not lie,
Till laughter roaring round had went.

They thus who were our friends before,
Can never be our friends again,
Such blanks by death the world o'er
Hath novelties to soothe the pain ;
And grief gives wisdom for our gain ;
Yet in our vaunted knowledge blind
We in the dream of life remain,
Unknown, though present to the mind.

Each life's a mystery of its own,
Through scenes of terror, grief, or glee,
In which we mingle yet alone,
Have all our parts, and still as we
Look to the past, or what may be,
And wonder how we are and live,
These scenes that were we ne'er can see,
And has no more of joys to give.

We mingle in the farce to-night,
The tragic horror's ours with morn ;
Soon all is hushed, some new delight
Hath seized the mind, and we are borne
From act to act of gay or lorn ;
While deeds that make the world gaze ;
Next, in oblivion faint and worn,
Sink like the lost volcano's blaze.

Now out from retrospective night
The patriots of the past I see,

And by the mind's effulgent light
A glory hovers o'er the free,
Who fired our souls for liberty,
Up to the monarch on his throne,
When prayed the statesman on his knee,*
To yield the empire all her own.

The nation's cheers then rent the air,
And music's strains were loud and bold:
A world of smiles all heavenly fair,
The clouds of gloom away had rolled ;
Fond hearts their raptures could not hold,
And luminous cities, streaming pure ;
Hailed with a joy can ne'er be told
The Magna Charta of the poor.

Years fled in peace, till came the din
Of horror, like tumultuous moans
Of the destroying hurricane ; †
As kings were hurled from their thrones,

* During the agitation of the country to obtain the passing of the first Reform Bill, it is said that the late Lord Brougham went on his knees in the House of Commons and implored the Members to pass that measure, else no person could guarantee the safety of the country. I was but a boy at the time, but can well remember the rejoicings and illumination in Glasgow when the Bill passed, and joined in the enthusiasm that prevailed, like Luath in Burns' "Twa Dogs,"

"Wha for joy had barkit wi' them."

† Europe in 1848.

And empires trembled, and the groans
Of fallen thousands writhed in pain,
And hearts were petrified to stones,
As mad rebellion raged amain.

From revolution's city rose
The songs of harmony, the strain
Of martial triumph, the repose
Of loving brotherhood to reign,
Of bliss man never can obtain ;
Thus raved and fraternized the free,
On went the drama, vaunting vain
A dream of all equality.

Now in my soul comes shrill and loud
The shriek of merciless massacre,
And death hath wrapped a bloody shroud
About that city, and afar
The scion of their lost god of war*
Treads on their cherished life of good,
And in destruction's crimson car,
Rides rampant to the throne of blood.

Anon the growl of war is fierce,†
And rolls from northern darkness deep,
Through orient regions far doth pierce,
Till strong in arms the nations leap,
Like champions to the storm to reap,

* The ex-Emperor Napoleon III.

† The Crimean War.

In battle, victory, or defeat ;
The warrior's march makes lovers weep,
And Europe's kingdoms calmly wait.

The glance of arms is in the sky,
And hosts have met, and ranks have fell ;
The combat mingles thick, and high
Rise raging wrath and battle's yell,
And tumult, like a fiendish hell,
'Mid struggling squadrons in the fray,
Have strewed the field of death to tell
The fame of slaughter's bloody day.

Soon famine, grim, and gaunt, and pale,
Stalked like a spectre o'er the snow ;
Anon is heard the moan and wail
Of hosts rewarded with the blow
That lays their daring spirits low,
Till triumph climbs the granite walls,*
Then crash like ocean waves the woe
Of carnage on the tyrant falls.

The rage of fire and passion spent,
Ambition mute, and peace in smiles
Out from those scenes of blood have went ;
Again the serf resumes his toils,
Till mercy's God and justice wills
The man of power to set him free,

* Sebastopol.

And towering pride no more beguiles
His heart to stamp on liberty.

Still, novelty is on the wing,
Like ripples on the sandy shore,
Washed with the storm, new tides will bring
Renewed impressions o'er and o'er ;
Yet out of all that was before
Time o'er the beach doth some arrange,
That stand up high the rocks of yore,
Like mighty truth that cannot change.

So out from all that's good or ill
Some stable laws will still remain,
And all the vacant wants will fill,
Robbed by the plunderers of gain ;
Nature hath virtues stern, in vain
For man to touch. Should he at all
Invade their sacred worth again,
He prostrate struggles in their fall.

A shame was black and foul on earth,*
The scowl of Heaven was dark on man,
When bondage had her heirs of birth,
And freedom sunk debased and wan ;
As Mammon's rule for ages ran,
And big-mouthed avarice could maintain,

* American Slavery.

A race was lost in nature's plan,
Whom even God had made in vain;

And only fit for fetters he
Of sable skin and head of wool,
An animal, to set him free
Would be to set at large the fool,
Whose wildness knew no law nor rule ;
'Twas more than this, the grave divine,
Himself the learned slave and tool,
Had ready Scripture in the line.

The world again convulsed in wrath,
Seems trembling with the shock of arms,
As fancy deems how justice hath
To freedom come with all her charms,
To urge the bold to war's alarms,
As to her call respond the brave,
And for her reign in danger warms,
And strikes the fetters from the slave.

The campaign of that holy cause
With long endurance on hath went ;
Immortal be the world's applause
To freedom's martyred President ; *
A second Washington was sent,
In thee the honest and the wise ;

* President Lincoln.

The humble rose, the proud was bent,
Thy fame is here that never dies.

Oh, liberty, perverted name,
The despot claims thee as his own,*
To him hath marshalled armies came,
To bleed and die like armies gone,
And raise the warcry for his throne,
Whose power begun was freedom's end,
And crushing states who stood alone
And dared their country to defend.

Thus came that voice of old again,
My fancy hears still on the breeze
The cry of blood, the marshalled train,
As thousands rush their arms to seize ;
The wild and veangeful Marseillaise
Is sung by marching bands along,
Their hollow vanity to please,
And claim for glory deeds of wrong.

But strength came with the patriot's will,
The invaders stricken by revenge
Has met the might and power of skill,
And fierce invasion to avenge
Has hurled them back. Oh, Fate, how strange
Thy freaks unseen, that never tell

* The Franco-Prussian War.

How the usurper's reign will change,
And they who came to crush have fell.

Behold her on destruction bent, *
Defeated with the fire of hate,
How she in baffled madness sent
Confusion raving o'er the state,
Who could not conquer nor could wait,
With brave endurance, seeking faith,
But like the scorpion writhing great,
She wildly stung herself to death.

'Tis past, like passion in a dream,
Our lives are ever on the brink
Of that deep abyss, where we seem
In every passing hour to sink,
To which we go, from which we shrink,
'Mid fears and hopes like change of clime,
We travel on, and, ere we think,
We reach eternity from time.

The sovereign pomp, the pageant past,
Processions of the vain and wise,
The happy hours that will not last,
The transient pleasures that we prize,
Thus come and vanish from our eyes,
Like passing spectres in the play,

* The Insurrection in Paris.

The great hath gone, the mighty rise,
Who will again give others way.

Still are we onward in the wear,
Of time and toil to be no more,
Of what we are few hence will hear,
When gone like millions gone before,
But what may we of such deplore?
Life-like the leaves within the wood
May bud and die, but there is more
Than kingdoms treasured for the good.

Then let us take what life can give,
And smile with nature while we may,
The light of heart can happy live
Though wealth of fortune shun their way,
Joy lives not with the giddy gay,
And flirting flippants of pretence,
Wisdom is not frivolity,
And peace is born of innocence.

Grief, like our shade, pursues our joys,
Then pleasure follows after grief,
Who, with the balm of hope, destroys
The agony that seeks relief.
In Spring, with flower and budding leaf,
From Winter storms we hail a friend;
And, as the seasons, life in brief
Is change of passions to the end.

Nature is an unbounded charm,
And Heaven an everlasting smile ;
Love, born of God, supreme and warm,
Still beckons on to bliss the while.
Would man be just and spurn guile,
That poverty might cease to fear
While plodding o'er life's every mile,
Then all might yet be happy here.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Within the great Leviathan's grand saloon,
On crimson cushions, some in lounging ease,
Cradled by fortune in the flood of noon,
Gay sunshine glory on the distant seas,
Dreamed but of wealth far in the land of gold,
Where merry, fleecy flocks in thousands roam
O'er prairie pastures, and the fruitful wold
Bringing full riches to their coming home.

And there the new-made bride of virgin bloom,
Happy in heart, thought o'er the bliss of years,
And endless joys supreme with him on whom
Confiding leaned the all that love endears ;
There the mean worldling, with the cunning eye,
Retired alone to gloat upon his hoard,
And stealthy round him did his treasure tie,
Which had been all his shrivelled heart adored.

The poor spoke of uncertain fate to come—

Of life's fond past—and dashed away their tears ;
And paced the deck in moody silence some ;
And some, to still with mirth their doubts and fears,
Joined the gay circle where the laugh was loud,
And when it lulled awoke its peals again
With wit that cheered the light and jolly crowd,
In love with all that soothed forboding pain.

In life is mirth and melancholy mixed :

Here skipped the dancers on the midship floor ;
Yonder the melodist, with eyes up-fixed,
Sung to the squeaking violin amateur ;
A fair one lonely sighed upon the breeze,
And read her beau's epistles of the past,
Whilst flippant gallants, affable to please,
Had rapturous eyes on this sweet trifle cast.

Gay Bacchanalians quaffed the cup the while,
And gave the toast to friendship left behind,
That bags of nuggets should reward their toil,
Oft courted fickle fortune to be kind.
Apart the widow in secluded nook
Prayed for the son who built her future cot,
And o'er the distance gazed with happy look
To him who had so blest her weary lot.

The whistling breezes came upon the main,
And woke the glist'ning wavelets up from sleep

In fitful gusts, then lulled and rose again,
And passed like restless spirits o'er the deep.
And high the thunder clouds afar were seen,
Like mountain pyramids in endless range,
And the old mariner with visage keen
Looked up, and then foretold the coming change ;

And the commander, with unsettled eye,
Had ordered in the broad and flapping sail ;
Then "clear the peopled decks," the seaman's cry,
Rose louder as the breeze rose to the gale ;
And darkness thickened like the day of doom,
Lowering and heavy as a starless night,
And black as regions of eternal gloom,
Eclipsing glories of the noon-day light.

One shot of lightning glanced upon the shade
With vivid gleam across the sable sky,
The terror-signal of the storm was made,
Then rattled the artillery on high
O'er the expanse eternal ; and it raged
Till terror trembled to the ocean's bed
As if the hosts of God a war had waged,
And demons of the storm their legions led.

Swift dashed the huge Leviathan on the swell,
And bounding o'er each foaming billow's peak,
Plunged madly down the dark and deep sea dell,
And smote the ocean's mountains on the cheek,

And heaved upon the surge with rolling din,
As shrouds and timbers rattled with the wind,
The mariners grew pale and quaked within,
And wist not where the peace of hope to find.

Still gleam on gleam illumed the great expanse,
As the red bolts like showering shots of shell
Did onward from the vaults of thunder dance
To clouds and clouds, till like a troubled hell
The welkin blazed in one wide fervent flame,
Then from the elements, swift in its ire,
One bolt with dread consuming message came,
And rent the decks. The vessel was on fire.

O God ! what terror, what a deafening yell
Rose through the thunder and the teeming rain,
That down in torrents from cloud mountains fell,
To drown that moment's agony of pain ;
Wild and bewildered, shrieking with despair,
Trembling with quivering lips, and cheeks all pale,
And leaping eyes, some grasped their flowing hair,
And threw the torn fragments to the gale.

The screaming child held by the mother's knee,
Or deemed all safe in her protecting arms,
Fire crackled round them, roared and raved the sea,
And raging awful, death with its alarms
Encompassed them. Eternity had came,
And round the wide and shoreless waters heaved,

All rank had found its level. To the same
Supreme they called for help, and all believed.

As flames pursued them, wildly to the crowd
The wealthy fled, and trembling at their feet,
Prayed for the poor to save them, when aloud
The thunder mocked them, and the lightning's sheet
Flashed in their face the warning to prepare,
For death hung o'er them with a sable pall,
Who choose not rank, but mankind as they were ;
Virtue was then the greatest wealth of all.

A boat was launched upon the waters wide ;
The widow with a new made orphan child,
By grasp of death clung pleading to its side,
And cries of mercy followed loud and wild ;
The ship went with them to their ocean grave,
And as the worldling swam to save his store,
And neared the lifeboat, 'neath a rising wave,
He sank by weight of wealth, and came no more.

In terror's agony, at dead of night,
Rose from the watch, a piercing, ringing shriek,
On that wide waste of waters where no flight
Gave chance to save. The boat has sprung a leak,
And all around in space was thick and dark,
And death and danger rose in every blast,
Nor starlight feeble as an anvil's spark,
Shot through that chaos, horrible and vast.

That long long night of hours, like seeming days,
Fled, and the dawn came with a placid smile,
And like a sea bird peering through the haze,
Far o'er the surf arose and rose an isle
Up from the ocean, and their hearts of fears
In buoyant, joyful transports, young and light
Sprung up as if relieved from grief of years,
Life came from death, and from despair delight.

At last a lonely rock upon the sea,
Barren and bleak, was all that fate had given,
Where blade of grass, nor brier, nor stunted tree,
E'er spread their leaflets to the light of Heaven ;
O, rock of doom ! the hallow starving eye
Rolled with a piercing and bewildered stare
Around for succour, and with wailing cry
Invoked for help, but famine lingered there.

And weary days on days brought no relief,
Then hunger goaded on, to madness rose,
Who lost in hope or Providence belief,
And o'er the sea beach leapt to death's repose ;
The hour of awful horrors came at last,
Despair rose raving, desperate to destroy,
That some might linger on. The lot was cast ;
That lot fell on the screaming orphan boy.

An arm was raised to plunge the fatal knife,
The boy cowered 'neath the flashing of its blade,

And weeping and beseeching, pled for life ;
But a remorseless hand was on him laid,
And the lone widow fell upon her knees,
And rung her hands with agonizing wail,
Then casting piercing glances o'er the seas,
"Oh strike not yet," she cried, "a sail, a sail!"

Up rose a shout of joy, and from his grasp
The weapon fell, and rung upon the stone,
And round the widow did the orphan clasp
His arms, convulsive, as she stood alone,
And waved a signal to the distant crew,
While sunk Despair, and Hope came with delight,
As came that sail, and vanished from the view,
And tacked to gain the breeze of coming night.

O God ! the veil of eve was lowering fast,
And lest she hailed them not before it fell,
And thus, within the gloom of darkness past,
Be gone for ever where they could not tell ;
They crawled up faintly to a rising rock,
Then to their signal was the answer given,
While raptures filled them sudden as she spoke,
As winged their fervent thanks on high to Heaven.

O'er that broad ocean to the golden shore,
The gallant barque swept with that happy band,
And mutual love was theirs for ever more,
And time brought riches to each frugal hand ;

The fortune of the sire became the lot
Of the young orphan, and the hardships past
Made bliss more sweetly blest, the widow's cot
Changed for his mansion was her home at last.

THE CLACHAN FAIR.

A PICTURE OF RUSTIC SCOTTISH LIFE.

Blithe in her bloom was bonnie June,
Wi' scented wreath upon her broo,
And dew-bespangled flowery gown—
Wi' cowslip cups and bells o' blue,
The lilies wi' their modest wiles,
And star-flowers wi' their winning smiles,
The touch-me-not wi' towzie coat
Waved wi' a proud and gaudy air,
And e'en the sweet forget-me-not
Looked sweeter on the clachan fair.

The hares and rabbits cocked their lugs,
And looked undaunted roun' and roun',
For poaching knaves and yelping dogs
Were aff and rantin' in the town ;
The lassies coost their printed hoods,
And tied their hair wi' silken snoods,
And as they took the gait alang
A' nature looked as brisk as they,

And a' the cheery warblers sang
The glad strains o' that merry day.

There trudged the vagrants on the road,
And trickster knaves wi' cards and dice ;
The conjurer wi' his juggling load,
And a' the sinfu' swarm o' vice ;
The rough and hard-faced gambler chiel,
Wha lived by fortune's whirling wheel,
And singing jads wi' doggrel sangs,
And cheap John wi' his rattling ware,
Pipe drones and showmen's gongs and clangs,
To deave them on the clachan fair.

'Mang din and daffin' on the green
Ran *towzie tykes tied in a pock,
And †gommerals gaped wi' glowerin'‡ een,
And mony a rough and rustic joke
Raise peals o' mirth as pockey ta'en
The course, and fell, and fell again,
Or rowed and jump wi' reckless risk,
And swat and blawed to reach the post,
While mony an up and down and plisk
He played, ere a' was won and lost.

The auld folk booze 'aneath the hedge,
And lovers woo hard by themsel',

* Towzie Tyke—A rough, uncombed fellow.

† Gommeral—A clown.

‡ Glowerin'—Gazing.

And artfu' queens wi' gauds engage
The e'e, and on the fancy tell ;
There's routh o' sports and * gangrels rife,
And a' the wide contrasts o' life,
Down frae the parent to the wean,
Diverted some wi' trifling toys,
For feckless bairns are no their lane,
We hae them men as well as boys.

Noo a' the common's in a steer ;
A troop o' sootie riders great
In jockey art, are drawing near
Wi' pith and speed to take the gait ;
Ilk, stumpin', strides his donkey's back,
And soon their aff wi' whip and crack,
As legs and elbows wallop wide,
Wi' straining e'en the laughing crowd,
Rejoicing o'er the comic ride,
Wi' high hats cheer them lang and loud.

There climbing up the slippery pole
To reach the prize—a sonsie ham,
Strave mony a loon, and sad his dole,
Wi' ready renge wha downward cam' ;
Sic are our ups and downs o' life,
To reach some prize through care or strife ;
In eager hurry up we gang,

* Gangrel—A tramp, hawker, or beggar.

And just as we are gaun to lay
Our haun upon't, we *ettle wrang,
By trip or slip, and lose the prey.

The yill house rings wi' clattering din,
The guidewife warm wi' bustling cheer,
Runs joking out, and laughing in,
And counts and clauts awa' the gear ;
Lang sit the smith and miller still,
Carousin' till they've had their fill ;
The miller vows it clears his throat,
The smith maintains the spirit power
Is guid for ocht o' any sort,
The smithy spark or hopper stour.

Some purse-proud worthies, grave and †gash,
Commented lang on creeds and kirks ;
Whiles questions deep and dark would fash
Their brains, like lawyers' crafty quirks ;
The parish sages, great in gear,
Keen quibbled o'er quotations queer,
On far seen points o' sacred lore
They raged, and ‡cangled on the book,
And deaved wi' blustering empty splore,
As ilk the praise frae either took.

* Ettle—To aim. † Gash—Wise, talkative, to converse.

‡ Cangle—To use petty arguments.

The Laird o' Drone would *scart his croon,
 To wauken up some dormant thought,
 An' wi' his †nieve cam' thumpin' doon,
 An' out the witless notion brought.
 Pleased wi' himsel' his elbow clawed, [blawed,
 And laughed, and ‡hotched, and snuffed, and
 But when applause nor praise got he,
 He gaped and glowered round at the rest,
 As dull's himsel' and couldna' see
 Where he had found the horse's nest.

Loud was the jest and mingled soun':
 Some rappin' in the ither gill,
 Some ca'd the reekin' toddy roun',
 Some sang o'er rimming jugs o' yill.
 Rab toozled Jean behind the door—
 Amid the daffin' an' the roar—
 She didna' tak' the joke amiss
 But warstled, tittling at their glee,
 Till Rab, wha stole the smackin' kiss,
 Wi' ruffled ringlets let her free.

A city dandy raise amang
 The rustic laugh and singing din,
 Proposed the Queen wi' puff harangue,
 An' stroked his scented, bearded chin,

* Scart—To scratch.

† Nieve—Shut fist.

‡ Hotch—To shake the shoulders and body with laughter.

An' raved wi' high sensation swell,
 To mak' his flights o' language tell ;
 But whether it was French or Dutch,
 Or Sanscrit or Bengalee,
 They caredna' which, the toast was rich,
 The Queen gaed aff at three times three.

When lowerin' clouds cam' doon at e'en,
 The kid-glove lion gallant grew,
 An' took to wooin' frolic Jean,
 Wi' laughin' e'en o' bonnie blue.
 She aye had *loo'd a rantin' lark,
 And sae decoyed him in the dark,
 A wee bit †pliskie plot to hatch
 Among the bakehouse pocks and stour,
 Till in the tub among the batch,
 She plunged him deep in ‡daich and flour.

Awa' she cam', and in she ran ;
 Loud §screeching 'mong the sons o' glee,
 Hard followed by the daichy man,
 A ghost-scared comic thing was he ;
 His face as white's a fasting priest,
 His false beard hanging o'er his breast,
 'Mang deavin' laughter and the cheers
 That ran through roof and riggin' lang,

* Loo'd—Loved. † Pliskie—Tricky. ‡ Daich—Dough.
 § Screeching—Screaming.

As through the daich his e'en he peers,
Looks round, and flees the mocking thrang.

Up in the crazy auld hay laft,
Aboon the restless routin' kye,
A collier fiddler frae the shaft
Sat up among the joists on high ;
His foot, and haun, and elbow gaed
To speed o' time wi' *scrunting screed,
Nor spared he bow nor bumbing strings,
Till rattling reel and Scotch strathspey
Up through the theeked rafter rings,
As many a prank the dancers play.

They skip and set wi' pith and main,
Cross hauns and down the middle flee,
And wheel, and whirl, and till't again,
Wi' finger-crackin', houchen glee ;
Nae fashion's lazy, drousy dance,
Nor waltz, nor valse come o'er frae France,
But figure eight or petronell,
Whaur rosy maids and bairdly chiels
Would gar their cheery daffin' tell,
Wi' shuffling toes and rattling heels.

A rantin' billie, through the stour,
Jamp up bauk height, and wi' a crack

* Scrunt—To make a harsh, grating noise on the fiddle.

Cam' down, and through the broken floor
 * Brainged in the byre on crumbie's back,
 And frae the wa's the candles fell,
 And in the dark rose †skirl and yell,
 Whaur some were poutin' in the pet,
 Some gropped as if they lost the cue,
 And some held fast the first they met
 O' women kind, and pree'd their mou',

A havrel chiel ran up the stair,
 In whippin' wi' a lowin' light,
 At ance the sudden blazing glare
 Disclosed the farce, and sic a sight;
 Gleyed Pate had Jeanie on his knee,
 The clachan belle wha glanshed asklee;
 For Kate, Jock had the wabster's wife,
 For Jean, Tam kissed the souter's Nell,
 But a' passed aff 'mang jokes o' life,
 And scenes o' mare than I can tell,

As Winter wooes the smiles o' Spring,
 And drouthy fields the summer's rain,
 And Autumn's woods in raptures ring,
 When e'er her thunder storms hae gane,
 So scenes o' daffin' gie relief,
 To heavy cares and pining grief;

* Brainge—To reel forward or fall violently upon a person or animal

† Skirl—A shriek.

Let vice ne'er share in pleasure's game,
Nor folly bring repentance dool,
Fool and fanatic's a' the same,
And spendthrift's just the same as fool.

S O N G S.

MY WIFE AN' MY AIN.

Sweet Cartha rins singing by yon castle wa',
An' mornin' has waukened the warblers in tune,
An' fresh wi' the bloom and the scent o' the haw,
She brings us the beauties and gladness o' June.
Here ilk neuk o' love speaks o' days we hae seen,
And a' their enchantments o' happiness gane :
My heart lo'es the gate where your footsteps hae been,
My Helen ! my Helen ! my wife an' my ain.

Your blithe, happy image was aye in my view,
My love was a' thine an' my dreams still o' thee,
For maidens are fickle, an' aiblins may rue, [dree.
Though fond hope may whisper there's naething to
An' time lingered lang till the plaid an' the ring,
Wi' blate blushing innocence meekly you ta'en,
Then joy, wi' my cares, flew awa' on the wing,
My Helen ! my Helen ! my wife an' my ain.

A' streams hae their beauties lang famous in sang
 But Cartha, wha sang to our love chants o' glee,
 Whase strains o' the summer are cheery and lang,
 Wi' thee is the gayest and dearest to me.
 Ilk bairn you brought me so rosy and fair
 Was new link o' love growing warmer an' fain;
 It is here in my breast, I can tell you nae mair,
 My Helen! my Helen! my wife an' my ain.

I'LL BE THINE THE MORN, WILLIE.

AIR—"Fee him, faither, fee him, quo' she."

In beauty beams the whinny brae
 O' yellow broom and breckan,
 An' braw wi' flowers the simmer gay
 Her gaudy robes is deckin'.
 The merle on the linden tree,
 An' lintie on the thorn,
 Sing to nature glad as me—
 I'll be thine the morn, Willie;
 I'll be thine the morn.

There's daffin' in my faither's ha',
 An' happy wishes tae me,
 Where bridal maids an' ladies braw
 Hae gowden gifts to giè me.
 Gaudy buntin' flaffin' high
 Will a' yon fleet adorn,

Awa' wi' sorrow's sab an' sigh—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie ;
I'll be thine the morn.

Ye streamlets swell your strains o' June,
An' woodland warblers cheery,
Proclaim wi' merry notes aboon
My joys that never weary.
A' aroun' be glad as me,
Free frae frigid scorn,
Happy be unbridled glee—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie ;
I'll be thine the morn.

It's no his ships upon the sea,
Nor a' the gear that's wi' him,
He's a kingdom's gear to me,
An' a' my love I gie him.
Eerie dreams, present'ments wrang,
Secret cares forlorn,
Wi' their fickle fash may gang—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie ;
I'll be thine the morn.

THE MARINER AT HAME.

I'm hame tae ye Jeanie, an', oh ! but I'm fain,
Gin your love aye be mine, a' the warld's my ain ;

Our temple o' pleasure is this cozy den,
For our auld haunt o' wooin' has secrets, ye ken.
Like the herald o' morn, wha cheery for aye,
Brings his first beams of love to Greenockia Bay,
Sae your first smile o' love is my hope o' the dawn—
Gies the dark vale o' care a' the light o' the lan'.

When the wild blast o' Boreas blew bald o'er the main,
An' the riggin' was drookit wi' spray an' wi' rain,
An' the breakers loud crashed as we made for the lee,
Where the storm-clouds were thick frae the lift to the sea,
As our brave ship charged on to the broo o' the wave,
An' sair stounded ilk heart in the breasts o' the brave;
Hoo I thocht on ye, Jeannie, my bride an' my ain,
As we made for the lan' that we never might gain.

On the speed o' the past a' my dangers hae fled,
An' we wander ance mair by Gryfe's mossy bed,
Where the teal and the mallard are happy as day,
An' sport where the troutlets are loupin' at play.
'Boon the green-crested lapwing, the whaup's on the wing,
An' the cuckoo is singin' the gladness o' spring;
Yet a' the fu' gladness that nature can gie
Is nocht to my joys when my Jeanie's wi' me.

NOTES TO THE BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND.

CANTO I.

"Dunedin, Queen of Cities, in her pride,
High on her hills of ages boldly stands."

Note 1, page 6.—Dunedin is the ancient and Gælic name of Edinburgh, which means the face of a hill.

"Far in yon vale, where rosy Roslin peers
In tranquil beauty through a sea of leaves."

Note 2, page 7.—Roslyn or Roslin is a beautiful, romantic, and sequestered village about seven miles from Edinburgh, nestled in calm tranquillity amid nature's loveliness, situated on the banks of the North Esk, and a few miles distant from Habbie's Howe on the Pentland Hills, the rural and romantic scene of Allan Ramsay's justly-famous pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd." You can go from Roslin to Lasswade by a lovely winding footpath below the bridge of the ivy-mantled old ruined castle, and through the wood and thick verdant foliage that adorns the steep banks of the meandering Esk, as she sings and dances in playful gladness along through the deep briery shades, and bursts out with glistening wavelets and rainbow tinted foambells to desport her in the beams of a summer's sun. When passing through the deep gorge you come to the caves of Hawthornden, constructed by great labour out of the solid rock, and are believed to have been the strongholds of Pictish kings, in which they sought refuge often in times of trouble or defeats in battle during the wars of those dark ages which gave little peace to either subject or monarch. In confirmation of this tradition three of the caves are named respectively the king's gallery, the king's bed-chamber, and the guard-room. The house of Haw-

thornden stands upon a cliff which rises like a grey rugged wall perpendicularly from the river, amidst the verdure and loveliness of picturesque and romantic scenery, and was at one time the property of the poet and historian, William Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. A seat close to the house cut out in the rock, is pointed out as the place where he composed many of his poems. Ralph Confrey, treasurer to Edward I., during a truce invaded Scotland with an army of 30,000 men; he divided them into three bodies, and encamped them near Roslin. Sir Simon Fraser and Sir John Comyn hearing of this invasion, hurriedly mustered at Biggar about 8,000 or 10,000 of the Scottish peasantry, and falling unexpectedly on the first division of the English invaders, totally defeated them, and drove them in confusion on the second camp, who, on coming to the rescue, shared the disastrous fate of the first. Hardly had the Scotch army began to refresh themselves from the battle toil of the day, when a third division of the English came up, but, though weakened in numbers and exhausted with fatigue, the Scotch were roused to valour and strength renewed, and rushing on the crest-fallen foe punished them with the same carnage as their former two divisions, and stood the victors on the field over three armies in one day, each of which was equal to them in numbers, and superior in military appointments. In history this glorious feat of arms stands out deservedly prominent amid the many brilliant achievements accomplished by the Scotch in their long and manly struggle for independence.

“Fair Roslin, princely home of high St. Clare—
First in the chase to seize the milk-white deer.”

Note 3, page 8.—An exciting story is told that King Robert Bruce, while hunting on the Pentlands, had frequently startled a beautiful white deer which had baffled him in every endeavour he had made to make her his prize; but being determined to possess her dead or alive, he enquired at a body of his nobles whether they had any dogs that could seize the game which had so often baulked the royal hounds? To this question on the part of his majesty, Sir William St. Clare replied that he would pledge his head that he *had* two hounds named Help and Hold who would kill the coveted

animal before she crossed the march burn. The king took Sir William at his word. The slow hounds having been sent out to beat up the deer, Sir William on a high mettled steed stood on a well chosen spot, and when all was in readiness for the chase, away came the white deer startled from the woods followed by the hounds, till they arrived at the critical stream into which the deer was about to leap, when Sir William threw himself from his horse and stopped the breathless animal till Help came up and killed her on the wining side. For this act the king granted him, in free forestry, the lands of Logan, Kirkton, and Carnegie. In the beautiful chapel of Roslin the Knights of Roslin were laid in their resting places clad in full armour; and a superstitious belief prevailed in the dark ages, that on the night before the death of any of the Knights of Roslin the chapel by supernatural means appeared to be in flames. This chapel was founded in 1446, by William St. Clare, Lord of Roslin and Earl of Orkney. It was dedicated to St. Matthew the Apostle, and is said to be one of the most entire and richly finished specimens of architectural antiquity in Great Britain. It is not very large, and its plain external appearance stands in great contrast to the rich and beautiful ornamental work of delicate chisseling which adorns its arches, windows, and pillars, so gorgeous in their design and bearing the stamp of genius in their finish and execution, and, which on examination one is tempted to pronounce as worthy of the cunning hand of the most refined sculptors of any age.

“Here from Dunedin’s hill of monuments,
The eye wide sweeps the Forth, and fancy wings.”

Note 4, page 8.—From the Calton Hill of Edinburgh you command a broad and far-extended view of the lovely coast of Fife, variegated with all the rich shades of wood and field, and nature’s sunny tints blending luxuriously up its verdant sloping hills, from the golden and blue shining Firth of Forth spread out, sweeping before you and glistening with the beams of Phœbus, dancing on the wavelets over a tranquil sea of beauty, out of which like a lonely hermitage on the ocean rises the rock islet of the Bass, with its verdant surface like a green carpet spread before the sun—there its cliffs are always present to the mariner’s eye as he sweeps along in

his vessel, where on the surface of the mirrored Forth, the fisher fleet, the yacht and yawl, glide smoothly on their varied courses with full and spreading sails, and where life and industry is busy on the bosom of the deep. In the distance is the dark hill of North Berwick Law; the ancient and venerable St. Andrews, brooding over the loss of its departed glories; and near Easter Wemyss stands the ruins of Macduff Castle, where the wife and family of the Thane of Fife are said to have been murdered by Macbeth, whose character has been so faithfully portrayed by Shakespeare. Along the coast are scattered many a smiling cottage, happy mansion, busy village and town, with their clean white walls and beauties reflected in the sheeny sea, and afar off presiding over a thousand landscapes, the green Ochils and rugged lofty Grampians mingle with the cloud mountains which melt away into the sea of immensity, where floats above the gorgeous drapery of heaven, oft replete with every blending tint and deeper hue, thrilling the heart, and expanding the imagination with a delight which only the hand of nature can convey, when her mighty pencil touches up with varied colourings the numberless features and broad splendour of such a sweet and noble scene. Turning round to the city, the eye scans the lovely Princes Street, the gardens of which are beautifully ornamented with shrubbery and flower plots, and the statues erected to the memory of Ramsay, Wilson, and Scott, of whose genius fame will speak when the storms of time shall have levelled to the ground existing monuments to moss covered ruins. From this we gaze up to the grim and grey ramparts of the castle, perched upon rock cliffs and in calm majesty towering over many an ancient pile from St Giles. to Holyrood, whose history is pregnant with events, as if each had a tale to tell hitherto unrevealed and full of mysteries of the past. There in 1503 James IV., amid the joyful acclamations of his people and the pompous blazonry of his court, was married to Lady Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., and in ten years after, having summoned the whole military strength of Scotland to meet on the Borough Moor, he marched to his defeat on the field of Flodden; and there during the minority of James V. in 1515 the Duke of Albany was received with great demonstrations and rejoicings, and proclaimed at the cross the Regent of Scotland with all the powers of a royal prince; and there the contending factions for and against *the intriguing Albany*, who wanted to obtain possession and full

power over the young king and his royal mother, joined in the bloody fray of "cleanse the causeway;" and there in 1537, Magdaline, the first Consort of James V. was married, and in forty days died, and was carried by the slow procession of sable-clad sorrow to the royal tomb in Holyrood Abbey; and there, too, in 1559, the army of the Congregation entered and took possession of the city, and listened under arms to the stern and thundering eloquence of Knox; and after many an encounter with the royal troops in 1560, the first General Assembly of the Kirk met under the sanction of the magistrates; and there also the unfortunate Mary arrived in 1561, and was received with the cheers and clamours of contending religious parties and boisterous demonstrations, amid banners and flowery-decorated streets, and as she departed from the castle a boy descended as from a cloud and delivered to her a bible, a psalter, and the keys of the castle gates; this was followed, in 1565, by her fatal marriage with Lord Darnley, the assassination of David Rizzio, the birth of her son James, the bloody crime of Kirk-of-Field, and her next fatal marriage to Bothwell, her husband's murderer, which aroused the smouldering indignation of the citizens so much that Mary and her profligate husband were compelled to fly before the fury of the insurgents, who took the power of the Government into their own hands. She was brought back from Carberry Hill to receive the hootings and insults of her indignant people; her story is soon told in her escape from Lochleven Castle, her defeat at Langside, and subsequent death on the scaffold. Down yon antique street Charles I. was led, and crowned with great pageantry and display in yon old palace of Holyrood; and there in the church of St. Giles was performed that sturdy exploit of Janet Geddes, which in 1643 led to the signing within the same walls of the Solemn League and Covenant, and all the wars, persecutions, and struggles of the Covenanters and martyrs who by their death bore witness to their belief; there, too, were the grim processions that accompanied to the scaffold Montrose and Argyll, and up there marched the conquering troops of Blunt and Burley, Cromwell, the Porteous riot and the mob who hung him in the Grassmarket on a dyer's pole. There was seen the Highland clans, led by Bonnie Prince Charlie into the King's Park and camp at Duddingston, his march out to gain an easy victory at Prestonpans, his return in triumph, and final departure at the head of his troops for England. All these events pass in review before the imagination, conjured up

like shadowy spectres of the past, when gazing on the lofty piles of that city of antiquity and strength, branching off to the chaste beauties of modern architecture, a city surpassing all others in the grandeur of its situation, and when once seen leaves an impression on the mind only to be lost in the oblivion of death.

“The palace shadow is on 'Lithgow Lake,
Names of the mighty ever linger here.”

Note 5, page 10.—On arriving at Linlithgow from Edinburgh, the principle objects which at once attract the attention are that substantial venerable fabric, the old parish church, and the stately and majestic ruins of the royal palace, with the giant trees which adorn these relics of antiquity towering above, and surrounded with many of the crumbling remains of diminutive humble buildings, now the dwellings of the poor, which were once the homes of the knights of St. John, and of the gay and proud nobility who hovered near the Court of Scotland's departed kings, imparting to the reflective mind a theme of contemplation on the vicissitudes of life, and the merciless devastation which time makes on the pomp and circumstance of elevated but frail humanity. In 1307 a peel or castle built by Edward I., where the palace now stands, was taken by Bruce, aided by the peasant Binny, who in his large wain concealed eight armed men beneath a load of hay, which he was taking to the garrison. When the wain stood in the middle of the gateway, preventing it from being shut, the driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen, and while the soldiers, as was their wont, were taunting Binny about his poor conquered town and subdued country, the armed men leapt from the cart, and a band of men who were at a short distance, in ambush, rushed in and put the garrison to the sword, who, after a fruitless struggle, yielded, and gave up the town into the hands of the Scotch. Near the palace gate stands the Cross Well, of much architectural beauty and finish, adorned with fine carvings and sculpturings, with figures emitting thirteen jets of water, and surmounted by a lion rampant supporting the royal arms of Scotland. When you arrive at the gates of the palace you are conducted by a person in charge through the interior of the building, who is paid for that duty, and consequently will take no fee for his trouble. At the end of the avenue which leads up from the street are two gate-

ways, with defaced ornaments. East of them lay the royal gardens. In the centre of the palace is a well, once adorned with statues, but now in a mass of ruin. When you enter the square, the huge, picturesque, and noble structure, naked, haggard, windowless, and roofless, rises around and above you, to towers standing five storey high, where you are shown over the grand entrance, the place that was once the Parliament Hall. It has been a fine ornamented compartment, and surmounting a grand piazza. On the south side was the Royal Chapel. You are shown a small apartment called the King's Dressing-closet, looking out upon the lake. There is an ornamented gallery, with three arches, and many of the windows and doors have the initials of James VI. On the oldest side, where a tower formed the nucleus of the whole palace, is shown an apartment in which one of the ladies of the Court sat spinning and singing the old Scottish song of "the Rock and the wee Pickle Tow," on the top of the entrance to a vault beneath her, in which James III. was then concealing himself from an attempt at assassination on the part of some of his rebellious subjects. There is an old custom there of riding the marches every year in the month of June, on which occasions the Magistrates, Corporations, Councillors, and dignitaries of the place are mounted on horseback, the treasurer and deacon carrying silk flags, embroidered with the town-arms, go round the boundaries of the burgh, headed by a band playing "The Rock and the wee Pickle Tow," in commemoration of this event. In the same room in which the heroine above alluded to baffled the would-be murderers of the King, Queen Mary was born on the 7th December, 1542. Her father was then on his death-bed at Falkland, and it is related that when he was told that a daughter was born to him, he then thought of the manner in which the throne had come to the Stuarts, and exclaimed, "Is it so? Then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," and thus saying, he turned his face to the wall, burst into a fit of passionate grief, and expired. It is also said that James IV. was fonder of this palace than of all the rest of his royal homes, and built the eastern side of it; and the consort of James V., Mary of Guise, when first seeing it, said that she had never beheld a more princely palace, and preferred it to all the rest of the King's dwellings. When going through the ruins of this once magnificent edifice, the guide shows you the banquet hall, where in 1540 she and James V. were enjoying their marriage festivities, when Sir David

Lindesay's satire of the "Three Estates," although considered now to be a very coarse production, was represented before them and the ladies and nobles of the Court, together with the authorities and inhabitants of the town, and gave high satisfaction and delight to their Majesties and all present. In June, 1746, General Hawley's dragoons, when leaving it in search of Prince Charles, carelessly left some fires burning, which ignited the building, and before it was discovered the flames were coming out at the windows. The people gathered to save it, but the lead on the roof having melted, came down in burning showers, and prevented anything from being done till the whole fabric was destroyed. After seeing the various curiosities of the place, you are directed to ascend a steep winding stair up to Queen Margaret's tower, and there the surrounding beauties of the country burst upon you. In the east rises Binny Craig, in superstitious times the haunt of the fairies, and the heights between that and the hill of Cocklerne, said to have derived its name from the infidelity of one of our Scottish Queens. Around you in season are the verdant and fir-scented plantations, rich meadows, and waving fields of grain, the pure river Avon singing through the tiny glen and grove, and flowing on to the Firth of Forth. The smooth shining lake on which the wild swans float in joy as when our monarchs viewed them in the ages that are gone for ever, all combine to make up a scene of chaste luxuriant landscape, which, if not startling in grandeur, is yet pleasant and soothing in its calm and fertile loveliness.

"The spectre monk adown the sombre aisle,
Who warned brave James to shun what he must yield."

Note 6, page 11.—Several historians state that previous to the battle of Flodden James IV. was at evening service in St Catherine's Aisle, in the church, beside the Palace, when the apparent apparition of a monk approached him, and said, "Sir King, my mother has sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go where thou hast proposed, which, if thou dost, thou shalt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that is with thee. Farther, she bad thee not to take the counsel of women, which, if thou dost, thou shalt be confounded and brought to shame," and when the King raised his head to speak the monk vanished, like a blink of the sun, before all the nobles present.

Of course the whole thing is viewed as a plot on the part of the nobility to deter the King from the undertaking, and it is supposed by some that the Queen was privy to the stratagem.

“The howling tempest raved o’er Woodhouselee,
And cold sleet drifted down the Pentland Hills.”

Note 7, page 12.—James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, fought in the cause of Queen Mary, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Langside, after which his estates were forfeited to the crown. He subsequently made his escape from prison, and after the confiscation of his estates his wife proceeded to her own inheritance of Woodhouselee, near Roslin, thinking that they could make no claim to her own patrimony. But Sir James Bellenden, one of the favourites of the Regent Murray, in the meantime had asked and obtained her property, together with an act of possession, on the receipt of which officers were sent by him to secure the house, who, when in the act of seizing all she had on earth, turned out the poor lady, with her child, in a cold stormy night, naked, into the fields, where she wandered, homeless and desolate, and before the morning dawned, became hopelessly deranged. This dreadful crime so overpowered the mind of Hamilton that he made a vow to be revenged on the Regent, whom he considered as the author of this base injustice. He accordingly remained in concealment, biding his time, and on hearing that Murray was about to visit Linlithgow, took possession of a wooden gallery, and having removed the lintles of the outside door, in order that a horse and rider might pass, he put a black screen on the window, so that his shadow might not be seen, and having made a hole through it, waited with silent patience on the procession of nobles who accompanied the Regent to the Palace, not far from which, in the narrow main street, he was shot from his horse by the assassin, who took to his stead, and fled, closely pursued, and while on his way, his horse stuck in some mossy ground, whereupon he seized a dagger from his side, and plunged it in the struggling animal, which made a desperate leap, and maddened with pain, carried him clear from his pursuers. He afterwards made his escape to France, where he died, a sincere penitent, in sorrow for the murder he had committed. The Lindesay spoken of in these stanzas is Lord Lindesay of the Byres, who, with Robert Melville, in name of the

Confederate Lords, compelled Queen Mary to resign her crown to her infant son, who, a few days after, received at Stirling the title of James VI. The Queen was then a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, and when she made her escape, declared the deed of none effect, having been forced to sign it to save her life from the fury of her enemies.

“And Gib’s glib jest rose mirth in court and green.”

Note 8, page 16.—Rob Gib was the court jester to King James V., with whom he was a great favourite. Many stories of his sharp cuts and drolleries have been handed down, but are now beginning to be forgotten. On one occasion he gave a severe reproof to some of the court sycophants, and ended by saying that he had always served his master for stark love and kindness, for which he received from the King the property of West Carriber, on the Avon, which his descendants enjoyed till sometime during the last century. About a mile north-west from here is the scene of the battle of Linlithgow, fought between the Earls of Lennox and Arran, during the infancy of James V., in which engagement the Earl of Lennox was killed. It was one of those feuds of very frequent occurrence then to gain possession of the King’s person, in order to forward the interest of contending parties. There, too, is a place called the joisting-haugh, anciently used for military feats of arms and tournaments, and near to it is a rising ground said to have been the seat of feudal courts of justice, when the lairds and barons of those rude days held in their persons the position of general, judge, and jury, and were in every matter the adjudicators, and accepted by all their followers as potentates. Their power has happily passed away and has given place to a better state of things, when justice demands for the poor all that can be obtained for the rich and great.

“High Tintock scans the vast and varied scene
Of Lanark vales, o’er winter’s brooks of ice.”

Note 9, page 16.—High Tintock or Tinto, which means the hill of fire, is a conical mountain near Lanark, on the top of which is a large cairn, to which all visitors are looked upon to contribute a stone. It overlooks a beautiful country, the rich gardens of

Hamilton and the green pastures of Clydesdale, and all the busy villages of industry, which have created a wealth and prosperity to the country by their sons of toil, unequalled by any district in Scotland. On entering the ancient royal town of Lanark, you are struck with a gigantic statue of the patriot Wallace, in a niche above the door of the Parish Church, near to which, at the head of the castle gate, was the house in which he resided. Here is the scene of his first exploit, which is related by blind Harry in the following manner :—Wallace having married a lady of the name of Braidfoot, the heiress of Lamington, lived with her at Lanark, and that while there a scuffle ensued between him and some Englishmen. The patriot being overpowered, fled first to his own house, and then to Cartlane Crag, upon which the Sheriff Hesliop or Hesilrig seized his wife and put her to death. In revenge for this great injury Wallace gathered a party of followers, attacked Hesilrig in the night, and killed him, with 240 of his men. In 1310 the garrison of Lanark was delivered up to Bruce, and at the dying request of that great monarch the good Sir James Douglas took with him Sir Simon Locard of Lee to deposit the heart of Bruce in the Holy Land. Douglas was killed in Spain while fighting with the Infidels, and Sir Simon took with him the heart of his departed king, locked in a casket, and had it buried in Melrose Abbey, for which services his name was changed from Locard to Lock-heart or Lockart, the descendants of whom are still honourable landed proprietors a short distance from Lanark. On the 12th January, 1682, a band of covenanters entered the town and put up a paper at the market cross, denouncing Charles II. as a perjured monarch, and declaring their allegiance to him at an end. For taking a prominent part, and publishing the Lanark declaration, William Harvie and others were executed, and Harvie's grave is still pointed out in the churchyard. On your way to Cartlane Crag there is a scene of exquisite beauty, where the Mouse streamlet bursts out from a deep gorge and steep wooded banks, and mingles its crystal waters with the Clyde, which sweeps majestically on its devious way in the bed of that lovely valley of sunshine and peace, where, on a shelving bank of the river stands the cleanly dwellings of New Lanark, a beautiful village, founded in 1784, by the late enterprising David Dale, who was succeeded by his son-in-law, the late Robert Owen, the projector of the social system. After viewing this place and the Cartlane Crag,

if you feel a desire to see the Falls of Clyde, you have to procure a guide, which you can obtain either at a hotel or a tavern near the railway station, who conducts you down a winding road past the cotton factory, and through the gate of a lodge, where you hear the noise of the water, which increases at every step, till the great sheet of Cora Linn comes before you, sweeping and leaping over a large precipice, and rolling down a vast amphitheatre of rugged rock and dizzy cliff, near to which the old romantic grey castle of Cora is highly perched, a feudal relic of the olden time, silent and alone in its venerable glory. As a waterfall seems to me grandest in winter, I chose that season for my visit. It was clean dry frosty weather, and the trees, with their plumage of snow and feathery hoar, and the cliff tops with their crystal icicles and the jutting rocks, built far up like silver pillars, with all the fantastical cathedral tracery and carving indescribable, as if you had been ushered into an enchanted grotto of the water nymphs, on which we gazed with fixed admiration, and felt loth to take the last look of that wonderful scene. Such is the power by which nature fascinates the mind when contemplating the exquisite beauty of her works.

“Glad wavelets lightly leaped o’er Cora Linn
On Marion of Clutha’s marriage day.”

Note 10, page 17.—This fatal termination to a marriage tour occurred beside the Cave of Wallace, where between the two falls of Cora and Bonnington the Clyde is confined to a narrow space between 10 and 11 feet wide, presenting a flood gate which comes down roaring and foaming in such wild and terrific tumult, that when you look upon it the head becomes giddy, and visitors, should they be so imprudent as to approach too near the danger, are apt to fall into the boiling torrent. There is a place called the Lover’s Leap—a tremendous precipice—in looking over which to the foaming river, struggling deep in the dark abyss below, the eye wanders as if in a fathomless gulf, and if not gifted with a steady nerve, prudence prompts you to retrace your steps to the safer path leading up to the Bonnington Linn, which, although not so deep, the two falls leaping over the rocks beside each other give the scene a more picturesque appearance, and is, as the guide informed me, preferred by a great many visitors, to their more gigantic neighbour

Cora Linn. But let us think of the whole cascades, stupendous in their magnitude, plunging into their deep, black, weltering caldrons—the bold walls of rugged rocks reared high overhead, the romantic garniture and rich drapery of the river's briery and wooded banks—and the mind prompts us to pronounce it a spectacle of grandeur unsurpassed by any similar in Europe.

“Anon arose a clamour in the camp,
Where lay the zealous of the covenant.”

Note 11, page 22.—The Battle of Bothwell Bridge is well known in history, but in order to refresh the memory of those who may have forgotten the incidents in connection with it, it may not be here out of place to state the leading circumstance which led to the conclusion of that day's engagement. The battle was fought in 1679, between the troops of Charles II., commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, assisted by Graham of Claverhouse, Dalzell, and Livingston, and the Covenanters, commanded by Balfour, of Burleigh, and Hackston, of Rathillet, who, with a small body of men, and while the main force of the Covenanting army were wasting time in hot debates, and madly cashiering their officers, gallantly defended the bridge against overpowering numbers, and at the most critical moment were supplied with a barrel of raisins instead of powder. Consequently, for the want of supplies, their ammunition soon ran done, and they were compelled to yield the contest, and retreat in utter confusion.

“St. Mungo ! I have seen thy ancient piles
Of noble records crumbled to decay.”

Note 12, page 25.—Those stately baronial mansions, which were once the ornament of the north quarter of Glasgow, and the remains of all which attached the present age to the past of antiquity and romance have now given place to the modern erections, which require neither ramparts nor fortifications to protect them from the attacks of their jealous feudal enemies, when power was law, and conquest and plunder held the right, which must now be dealt out with even-handed justice. About the year 560, Kentigern, or St Mungo, founded the see of Glasgow, and the church which he then

built is supposed to have been destroyed by the Danes, and the present cathedral built about 1115. The town was created a Royal Burgh by William the Lion in 1190, and was granted a charter for holding a fair, now held as holidays. It is stated in Andrew Brown's "History of Glasgow" that when the national contest between Bruce and Baliol broke out, and when the competitors for the crown of Scotland had met at Norham, King Edward I., as umpire, told the prelates and nobles then assembled that as a friend and arbiter elected by themselves, he would endeavour to compose the present controversy in the best manner he could, for although, said he, there are different pretenders claiming a right, that right belongs to me alone, for I can justly claim the superiority of Scotland as my own. After the King had thus concluded his speech, Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, arose and gave the King hearty thanks, in name of the rest, for the good affections he bore to their country, assuring him that it was for the good opinion they entertained of his wisdom and equity that they had submitted to him as sole arbiter the judgment and decision of this weighty affair; but when it had pleased him to speak of a right of superiority over the kingdom, it was sufficiently known from the foundation of the State that it had been a free and independent kingdom, and not subject to any other power whatever; that their ancestors had defended themselves against the Romans, Picts, Britons, Saxons, and Danes, and all others who sought to usurp over them, and although, said he, the present occasion has bred some distraction in men's minds, all true Scotchmen will stand for the liberties of their country till death. When the war broke out Wishart was thrown into prison by Edward, and was not released till after the Battle of Bannockburn. In the year 1300 Sir William Wallace, the Laird of Auchinleck, Boyd, and Wallace, of Richardtown, left the town of Ayr, and after a night's march arrived in Glasgow, and drew up their men where the Bridgegate now is. One column marched up St Mungo's Lane, near Drygate, to attack Lord Percy in flank, whilst Wallace led the main body up the High Street. The scene of the battle was between the Bell of the Brae and where the old college stands. Wallace, of Richardtown, and Auchinleck came rushing in from where the Drygate now is on the English column, and divided it in two, while Sir William Wallace came up in front, and with one stroke of his sword cleft Percy's head in two; then the rout of the English became

general, and the Battle of the High Street was to the Scotch a victory, after which Wallace marched his men to Bothwell, thinking it not safe to remain with such a small body of men in the ancient thickets and groves near the old College Green, nor in the forest beyond the Molindinar Burn, which was then where the Necropolis now stands, and in which forest Aymer Vallance planned the captivity of Wallace, and in which the tryst was set by Sir James Monteith, for that treacherous purpose, afterwards effectually carried out at Robroystown. During the minority of Mary, James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, then heir to the throne, was appointed Regent, and was opposed by the Earl of Lennox and the Queen Dowager, till latterly these contending factions flew to arms, and the Regent stormed Lennox's castle, which stood at the townhead. After standing the siege for some time, they in the garrison agreed to surrender on being allowed to receive quarter, but so soon as they laid down their arms the Regent's men slaughtered them down till two only remained, who made their escape. Lennox, in order to revenge such a base deed of treachery, procured the aid of the Earl of Glencairn, who afterwards, with a small body, attacked Arran at a place called the Butts, near the present infantry barracks. The onset of Glencairn was so sudden that he beat back the first rank upon the second ; but when the engagement was at the hottest, Boyd, of Kilmarnock, came upon the scene with a body of horse and decided the victory in favour of the Regent.

“Thou hoary, holy pile, through ages past,
What eloquence has soared from thee to heaven ?”

Note 13, page 27.—In 1579 the wild and stormy wrath of the Reformers had grown so hot that they had determined to destroy, like Vandals, all the churches and monasteries in the country which had belonged to the Roman Catholics, and for that purpose, Andrew Melville, the Principal of the College, obtained the consent of the magistrates to allow the Glasgow Cathedral to be destroyed. Consequently, a number of men were got to go there to pull down this handsome building ; but while they were assembled, the tradesmen of Glasgow, with more good sense, and who could not understand how stone walls might injure the cause of the Reformation, accordingly flew to arms to protect the architectural beauty and pride of

the city, and told Mr Melville that if any one dared to pull down a single stone of the building they would bury him under it. This timely interference put an end to an affair which might have resulted in the death of Melville and many others. After the disastrous Battle of Dunbar, where the Scottish clergy, by their interference in military tactics, matters which were foreign to their sacred office, induced General Leslie, against his own superior knowledge, to abandon his strong position, and become an easy prey to the well-disciplined troops of Oliver Cromwell. The following winter saw the Protector holding his levees in Silvercraig's House, on the east side of the Saltmarket, nearly opposite the Bridgegate, and while there he sent for Patrick Gillespie, minister of the Outer High Church, and after having conferred with him on ecclesiastical matters, went on the following Sunday in great state to the Cathedral. That day Zechary Boyd happened to preach in the forenoon, and held forth so vehemently against Cromwell, that his secretary, Thurloe, who was sitting beside him, asked liberty in a whisper to pistol the scoundrel. "No, no," said the Protector, "Don't do that, we will manage him another way." In the evening he invited the clergy to sup with him, and concluded the supper with a prayer which is said to have lasted till three o'clock in the morning. Thus having played the saint so well, he created for himself a name of such strict and spotless piety that some of the ministers declared that he surely must be one of the elect. When he left Glasgow, a great many of his troops being tradesmen, finding good employment in their several crafts, settled down amongst the citizens, and having taught them their various trades, brought the arts of peace to a perfection unknown in the city till then, which gave a stimulus to trade, and created a spirit of enterprise in the minds of the people that through the troublesome times and persecutions of the Covenanters led on after the union in 1707 to that perfection in all branches of refined industry, and created a wealth and magnificence which has now raised her to the position of the second city in the empire.

"Here was Queen Mary's thorn—I knew it well ;
There she had gazed upon her last defeat."

Note 14, page 30.—On a height near the ruined castle of Cathcart called the Court Knowe, on May 13th, 1568, Queen Mary stood and

viewed the battle and defeat of her army at Langside. The place is on the estate of Gordon of Aitkenhead, and an old thorn marked the spot, which has decayed, and I am told that another thorn has been planted in its place. There, in the rustic village of Cathcart, through many of his youthful days, lived the beautiful poet Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," whose warlike, patriotic, and sweet love-notes are now but seldom heard amid the hum and bustle of commercial life that crowd in Glasgow, his native city. Before and since his day, up to the time in which I lived in Cathcart and Busby, the little rural spot was a great resort for pleasure-seekers and lovers, who out from the din of the city's machinery, from their labour, sought relief in the gardens and enjoyment in the walks on the banks of the Cart, that sweeps through the meadow and vale of Langside. When Mary made her escape from Lochleven Castle she went to Hamilton, and was joined there by her principal adherents, who gathered a strong force and proceeded on their way to leave her in safety in Dumbarton Castle, and for that purpose to avoid the Regent Murray, they came by Rutherglen in order to cross the Clyde at Renfrew. Murray was at the time holding a court of justice in Glasgow, and on hearing of the march of the Queen's forces, hastened at once to collect what men he could, and being joined by the Earls of Glencairn, Montrose, Mar, and others, together with a strong body of the inhabitants of Glasgow, he encamped on the lands of Barrowfield, and when he saw the Queen's army on the opposite side ordered his cavalry to cross the river by a ford, marched over the bridge with his infantry, and afterwards obtained possession of the hill of Langside, where the battle commenced and was continued with such obstinate bravery, that each party threw their broken spears and daggers in the faces of their enemies, when in the heat of the action, Murray's second battalion came up and decided the fortunes of the day; after which Mary rode off in hot haste to Dundrennan Abbey, in Kirkcudbrightshire, from which place she fled into Cumberland; and sought refuge from her cousin, Queen Elizabeth. Murray felt himself much indebted to the citizens of Glasgow, who were placed on his left wing, and bore down with great execution and bravery on the Queen's right. Consequently, for that good service, he granted to the Corporation of Bakers the flour mills of Partick, which formerly belonged to the Crown, and whose taxmen exacted high dues, so that by this

boon the people obtained cheaper bread, and these mills, situated on the banks of the Kelvin, are still the property of the bakers.

“On Corlick’s summit, wading in the dew,
And gazing on Argyll’s eternal hills.”

Note 15, page 34.—Corlick is a hill above Greenock, in which a good view is obtained of the scenery here spoken of, with the exception of Arran, which is seen but dimly in the distance, whilst a hill between Corlick and Bute intercepts a proper view of that beautiful island; but I could not pass over it unnoticed, knowing it to be such a sweet feature in that noble scene, which I have so indifferently endeavoured to describe. In 1228 the Castle of Rothesay was attacked by Clave, King of Man, and Hushbec or Osbec, the Norwegian feudatory Lord of the Isles, who was at first repulsed and killed in the enterprise, but his followers latterly took the castle by sap, which after the battle of the Largs was retaken by the Scots again during the weak reign of Baliol. It was in the possession of the English till, in 1311, it yielded to Robert Bruce. In 1334 it was again captured, and well fortified by Edward Baliol, and seized again by Bruce, the Steward of Scotland. In 1381 Robert III. died of a broken heart in it, on account of his son, afterwards James I., having been made a prisoner by his enemies. Oliver Cromwell’s troops came against it with the fury of an overwhelming storm; then, in 1685, the brother of the Earl of Argyll took it, and set fire to it, and reduced it to a desolate ruin. Where Lochgoil joins Lochlong is the ferry over which the Chief of Ulva’s Isle fled with Lord Ullan’s daughter. See the poem on that subject by Thomas Campbell, the “Bard of Hope.” When looking from the hill of Corlick the whole sweep of the mountain range of Lochgoil, Lochlong, and Loch Lomond is before you, and on the right the stretch of the noble Clyde, with the old and stern rock of Dumbarton, formerly called Dun-Breton, and which was often the scene of war-like exploits in days of our rude but brave forefathers, and in 1481 was besieged by the fleet of Edward IV., and gallantly and successfully defended by Andrew Wood of Largs, and in 1489 it was besieged by the Earl of Argyll, and again in the same year by James IV., to whom it was soon surrendered by the Earl of Lennox, keeper of the castle.

CANTO II.

“Heard you, like dread artillery in war,
When hostile armies rush on to engage.”

Note 16, page 38.—Between the islands of Jura and Scarba is situated the terrific whirlpool of Corryvreckan, which means in English the caldron or gulf, where a Norwegian prince of the name of Brackan or Bracan is said to have perished, and hence the name. In the dark ages the superstition of the natives had tenanted the place with all the monsters and demons of the deep, and among many fabulous tales of tradition, one is told that MacPhail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, and detained for several years in a grotto beneath the sea, where he lived a life of feasting and revelry, till getting tired of such excesses, he made a request to be allowed to put his feet once more on his native island, to which request the mermaid agreed to comply, provided that he would make a promise to return with her to the cave or grotto, and remain with her during the rest of his lifetime. By this promise on her part Colonsay saw the means of escape, and so consented to comply with her wishes. She accordingly proceeded with him in a boat till they came to Colonsay, at the sight of which MacPhail, with a shout of joy, leapt ashore, took a last farewell of the mermaid, and made for his native home, and as he was disappearing in the distance, seeing that she could not follow him, she in despair tore her hair, leapt into the sea, and was never heard of more. Such is the legend, which I have converted from a supposed reality to a dream, and drawn the scene in the cave according to my own limited fancy.

“Here’s Kerrera with many a pyramid,
Where sickened Alexander, e’en to death.”

Note 17, page 43.—In the year 1249 Alexander II. had undertaken an expedition for the final reduction of the Western Isles, and to bring their turbulent chiefs, who played the part of independent and petty despots, to his allegiance, and subservient to the Scottish sceptre, but when about to commence hostilities he took unwell, and ultimately died of his sickness. After his death the project was abandoned, and his troops returned with his remains, which were interred in Melrose Abbey. On the island of Kerrera also stands

the ruins of Gylen Castle, once the seat of the descendants of the M'Dougals of Lorn. There, at one time, in consequence of one of the M'Dougals having under his protection a person of the name of Livingstone, who had killed a son of Campbell of Fauns, Ian Beag, or little John Campbell of Bray-Ghleanne or Braglen (which name in Gaelic means the top of the glen), assembled a band of followers, and having demanded the murderer, was refused, whereupon he stormed and burned the castle, and in fierce revenge for the death of his kinsmen, massacred the M'Dougals, and threw a number of them over the battlements.

“Great was the revel cheer in Duart Hall
When came the lovely Lady of Argyle.”

Note 18, page 43.—Duart Castle, in Mull, was once the residence of the M'Leans, one of whose chiefs was married to a lady of the Argyle family who, having become suspicious of her husband's fidelity, in a fit of extreme jealousy and rage put poison in a cup, the contents of which he was about to drink, when a thought struck him that all was not right, while one of the servants, it is said, who had tasted the liquor, sickened and died. Be this as it may, the intended murderess was discovered, and as a punishment for the crime, she was put upon a rock in the Sound of Mull, opposite Oban, which is always covered at the flow of the tide, and is now called the Lady Rock. Being left there to perish, and while the tide was approaching to its full height, she was discovered by two fishermen of the name of M'Lean, who took her off the rock, and conveyed her to her father's mansion and people. For this generous action M'Lean of Duart vowed to be revenged on the poor men, who were his own clansmen, in consequence of which threat they dared not return to their own country, but remained during their lifetime under the protection of the Argyle family. Not far from Oban, and near to Dunolly Castle, stands the little Maiden Island, so named from its being the scene of a murder committed by a youth on the person of a beautiful young girl, who had repeatedly rejected his addresses. The villain, finding that all his efforts to win her were in vain, resolved that she should never give happiness to any other rival, and to effect that purpose he, with the bland cunning of treachery, decoyed her from Dunolly Castle, where it is said she

held a respectable position as a domestic of that house, and having prevailed upon her, by some deceitful means, to go out with him in a small boat, he sailed about the coast with her till darkness came on, landed her on the island, and afterwards murdered her, and ever since then the simple and the superstitious have tenanted the place with an apparition, who walks round its shores every night, so that the fishermen when out in darkness and storm will not land on that forbidden spot, for fear of meeting with the spirit of the island.

“Smooth as a mirror, Mull’s far sweeping strait
Is stretched before us ; many a snow-white sheet.”

Note 19, page 46.—After you have passed down the Sound of Mull you see at a distance the Island of Canna, on which the celebrated Gaelic bard Alexander M'Donald spent a considerable portion of his life. He was the royal Celtic bard to Prince Charles, and to his heart-stirring and loyal songs in the cause of the Pretender may be attributed much of the enthusiasm with which the clans rose in 1745. Shouting in Gaelic success for ever to Prince Charles Stuart, he was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and after a strict search had been made in vain to apprehend him, in order to bring him to trial for treason, he escaped their utmost vigilance, having been concealed by his friends, and died in peace, where his Jacobite songs give pleasure at the winter fire in the glens of his native country to this day. After you have passed the Island of Ulva, the rock of Staffa and its wonders gradually gain upon the eye, first in the distance, like myriads of broken reeds, the pillars of nature rise numberless round the island, and increase in magnitude till you behold them in their real dimensions. After you have landed you have to make your way over the shorter pillars, surrounded with numberless columns of irregular height and picturesque variety, till you arrive at the Cave of Fingal, which at once creates in the beholder a feeling of awe and wonder when gazing on the magnitude and splendour of the lofty colonnade and over-arching honeycombed mass on the brow of the lofty cliff, and the gigantic entrance to the cave, with its pillared sides. Piled and fitted stone upon stone, all combine to impress the mind with the idea that you are surveying the magnificent remains of an ancient temple, encroached upon by the mighty ocean, and once the home of the

sea monarchs, whose descendants are still believed by the superstitious to linger there. After leaving Fingal's Cave, you retrace your steps over the stumps of columns, and proceed up steps on the face of the hills, and over the top of the island, where a few cattle often are browsing, and after you have gone a short distance you come to the top of Mackinnon or the Cormorant's Cave, and on looking down you behold the sea fowl nestled in quiet confidence in its shelving sides, where no one can approach them, either from below or above. This cave is void of all ornament within, and throws a dark broad shadow over the sea, which gives it a solemn appearance. When you have got on board the steamer to depart from Staffa, the dark yawning entrances and lofty arches of these wonderful caves leave an impression which holds its place in the memory, prompting you to look back to the mighty works which nature can accomplish by the cunning art of her hand. After leaving Staffa you proceed for seven and a-half miles before reaching the Island of Iona. The Holy or Blessed Isle, or Isle of Waves, the beach of which, at the bottom of a clear and calm summer sea, is as white as chalk. You are landed on a wooden pathway, and are met by a number of children offering small shells for sale. The island is but tame in its scenery, and were it not for its historical connections, would be in no way interesting to visitors in pursuit of the grand and beautiful. Port-na-Currach has its name from a tradition that it was the landing place of Columba, when he came from Ireland in his currach or boat, made of timber and cow hides. The Martyr's Bay is near to the only village on the island, and the chapel of the nunnery is often the first place shown you. The building is mostly roofless, and the cattle now take shelter in the once consecrated edifice. A court is shown you, and the remains of what is said to have been a church. In the chapel is seen the tombstone of the last prioress of the nunnery, the inscription on which is in old British letters round the edge, and on the face of the stone are the figures of a lady, supported by an angel on either side; the lady is represented as praying to the Virgin Mary. There are other tombstones of minor note in the building. St Oran's Chapel is the oldest ruin in the place, and is in external appearance a plain relic of a once substantial edifice, that has for many centuries stood the tear and wear of time. When you have examined these places you are led to the principal ruin in the island, termed the abbey or

cathedral, which is built in the form of a cross, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The altar was made of Ionian marble, and to gain possession of a little piece of it was said to be a most valuable acquisition, as it acted as a charm against murder, shipwreck, and fire, and was believed to be a talisman against all the evils which flesh is heir to. Consequently, it has all been chipped away by the foolish and superstitious. Near to this altar is the monument of Mackinnon, with a recumbent figure of that priest, and at the opposite side is another with Episcopal ornaments in sculpture, but almost defaced. This tomb is in commemoration of the Abbot Kenneth, who was said to be a Mackenzie, and of the family of Seaforth. In the graveyard, enclosed with iron railings, and lying side by side, are the gravestones, with their rude and coarse sculpturings, representing the figures of kings, saints, warriors, chiefs, and dignitaries of ancient importance, with inscriptions and devices, and in this place is the figure of an angel weighing the good and bad deeds of a man against each other, while the devil keeps down one of the scales with his claw. Columba and his followers were Culdees, and had no connection whatever with Rome. They were the first messengers of peace who came amongst the heathens of this country, and their teachings put an end to the horrible superstitions and human sacrifices of the Druids. Their missionaries spread themselves over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and created for themselves a reputation for Christian and useful work over Europe, while from this little island emanated the knowledge of science, literature, and eloquence, and all that illuminated the clouded mind and expanded the narrow ideas of the barbarian to improve himself in agriculture and the arts of peace in civilized life. Parties having a desire to see these famous islands of Iona and Staffa can find in the summer season one of Mr Hutcheson's steam vessels, starting from Oban several times a week, in July and August, which sails round the Island of Mull, returning home by Kerrera, close to Gylen Castle, already referred to. It takes a whole day to complete the trip, which is replete with interest to the student of Nature and History, Antiquity and Geology, while it contributes to the enjoyment of refined and well-balanced minds in general.

"Kilchurn Castle, roofless and alone,
Naked to winter's storm and mountain blast."

Note 20, page 52.—Kilchurn Castle stands upon a rocky elevation at the head of Loch Awe, and is said to have been erected about the year 1440, by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, the second son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch Awe, the ancestor of the ducal family of Argyle. Sir Colin was a Knight Templar, and was absent in one of the crusades for, it is said, about ten years, during which time he had sent several trustworthy messengers to his lady, with tokens of his love, and enquiries after her and his only son, a youth living at home with her, but none of these messengers returned in life, having all been intercepted and murdered when on their way to the castle, by the followers of one MacCorquandale, a neighbouring chief, who was intriguing and making advances for the hand of Sir Colin's lady, and giving out reports that her absent knight was killed in battle, till at last, believing her husband long dead, Lady Campbell yielded to the solicitation of her treacherous suitor, and, so tradition has it, on the night of her intended marriage with MacCorquandale Sir Colin returned, and having learned the state of matters at home from his old nurse, who lived in the neighbourhood, he made his way by a lonely path at the side of the loch up to the castle in the character of a palmer, begging alms, and made himself known to his lady by making a request to drink to the bride from a cup given to him out of her own hand. This strange request was complied with on consideration of his holy order as a pilgrim, and after he had drunk to her, he dropped a gold ring into the cup which, on examination, she found to be the one she had given Sir Colin as a love keepsake when he left for the holy wars, and thus discovered in the person of the palmer her long-lost husband.

"The golden splendour of meridian day
Beamed where Ben-Doran high the welkin fills."

Note 21, page 54.—Ben-Doran has been celebrated by the Highland bard Duncan Ban M'Intyre, in his beautiful poem of *Oran Ben-Doran*, or the song of Ben-Doran. It is situated in Glenorchy, and *seen from Ben Cruachan* the surrounding scenery of this locality is *gorgeous in magnitude and grandeur*, and if you wish to feast your

eyes on one of Nature's noblest pictures you can go to the rustic village of Tynualt or Bunawe, and a scene of grand magnificence bursts upon you like the sudden disclosing of an enchanted land, where mountains are before you, and on either side of the lovely lake, while the sublimity of Glen Salloch, Glen Etive and the lofty Bendurinich tower in all their massive solemnity, where the majestic Ben Cruachan, like an enthroned monarch, presides over that gigantic group, towering around and on high till they seem to fill the dome of the heavens, over which the rising summer sun, supreme and luminous, dispels the smoky mist, while he, adorned with his robes of beauty, proceeds on his day's journey over the earth's empires and the wilds of the savage in regions unknown.

“As is the fate of cities such as thine,
Lost Berigonium, Selma's royal hall.”

Note 22, page 55.—A few miles up Loch Etive, and near to where the fall of Ossian's Lora or Connel is roaring at low water like the wars of elements, you cross the ferry, and come in about two miles distance to the Site of the old Dalriadic city of Berigonium and the hills of Selma, the home of the Fingalian bards, Ossian, Ullan, and Carril. On the site of this ancient city there is not one stone left upon another, except the traces of the foundation of what is said to have been a vitrified fort. Here, tradition states, reigned Fergus I., one of the three sons of Erc, who in 503 immigrated from the Irish Dalriada, and founded the Scottish Monarchy. Fergus and Angus adopted respectively Kintyre, and Islay, and Lorn, the land of Lorn, named so after him, which is divided into three districts, Upper, Central, and Lower Lorn. There the most celebrated relic of antiquity is the Pillar of Dearmid, which stands on an eminence at the head of Lochnell, and overlooking the scene of the conflict between Dearmid and the wild boar, the last of the kind seen in Scotland, hence the crest of the clan Campbell is the boar's head, they having been by the Highland clans acknowledged as the direct descendants of Dearmid. From the summit of the hill of Corlick, about two and a-half miles from Oban, or even from the Castle of Dunolly or Dunstaffnage, a view is obtained of a scene, the sublimity of which is one of the most enchanting in Scotland. On the right is the clear placid Loch Linnhe, guarded by the

mighty chain of the Morven hills, rising up with their adamantine walls in solid masses from the banks of the lake, like a stern bulwark protecting her beauty, while on her opposite banks the green hills of Appin, clad with summer foliage, are as gaudy as a new-made bride, in all her flowery loveliness. On the west are the Hebridean Isles, strewed like gems far out on the Atlantic, with their numberless turrets gleaming in a summer sun, and the play of light floating in the chase of the mist, and glancing on the face of the rugged rocks and everlasting hills, richly and profusely adorning the robes of nature with the tints of beauty. Before you is the Sound of Mull, a sheeny narrow sheet of water, stretching far in the distance, like an avenue between two chains of seeming endless peaks and crags, and the distant mountains in their solitary glory, with their mist-crowned summits, and the liquid hues of the cloudy mountains above, sublime in their fantastic forms, with their valleys and seeming princely palaces, castles, and towers of vapour grouped together like a ruined city, and ever and anon changing their aspects like the cities of reality on earth, which in time dwindle away with all their former grandeur and greatness, to give place to new creations at the mighty fiat of man.

“High where the rock-blocks stud the mountain-side,
The goddess Bera oft appalled the glen.”

Note 23, page 61.—Bera was the Celtic goddess of storms, and there is a poem said to have been composed by Ossian, in which Bera is styled the daughter of Griannan, which signifies the sun, and as the word Bhe-ir means a thunderbolt, the allegory is thus traced to its origin. The Urisks were beings similar to the Brownies in the Lowlands, and were believed to have their dwellings in lonely wilds and caves, secluded by themselves, but according to the laws of their order, the whole class held meetings at stated times to arrange their affairs, in a steep hollow of Ben Venue, by Loch Katrine, at the Trossachs, named Choirnan Uriskin, or the den of the wild shaggy men. Each of these spirits was attached to the head of some great family, and so long as the chief enjoyed their good wishes prosperity always followed his tribe; but they were extremely fastidious, jealous of honour, and susceptible of offence, and would resent an insult with all the severity of stern and remorse-

less vengeance against those to whom they had formerly been so friendly and devotedly attached. It was a matter of great difficulty to retain their lasting good favour, and hence I have supposed here that the Urisk of the M'Donald clan, offended at their chief, and in revenge, hardens the hearts of his foes, who bring about his destruction in the treacherous and cruel massacre of Glencoe.

“The brides of Onnich, beautiful and young,
Thought each but of their coming marriage day.”

Note 24, page 63.—When the chief of the clan Cumyn was lord of Lochaber and Badenoch it happened that three marriages were about to take place at Onnich, a village situated where Lochaber joins Lochleven. The young brides were famed for their beauty, in consequence of which on the day of their marriage the chief and his two sons came with their retinue to claim them for their own pleasure, and on the high-handed demand having been made, the young bridegrooms, in spite of the allegiance due to their chief, indignantly resented the insult, and drew their swords bravely to defend the honour of the maidens, whom they had vowed to make their own in the bonds of wedlock. A conflict ensued, in which the two sons of Cumyn, with his followers, were killed. The country rose, and the chief fled till he reached a hill near the present site of Fort Augustus, where his pursuers, on reaching the place, found him dead. They buried the wretched tyrant in the place where the fort now stands, while the place where they found him they styled Cumyn's Seat, a name which it retains till this day.

“Thrice bloody was the feud, where Fraser fell,
By Arkegg's peaceful lake, when from the bow.”

Note 26, page 68.—About the year 1545 a battle was fought near Loch Arkegg, between the Frasers, under Lord Lovat, and the M'Donalds of clan Ronald, in which the most of the clan and nearly all the gentlemen of the name of Fraser were killed. The combatants on each side, when commencing the battle, stripped themselves to their shirts, and when the engagement was nearly over, Fraser of Foyers, who was severely wounded, was carried on the back of a man named Norman Gow, for eight miles, to Cumyn's Seat, near Fort Augustus, already referred to in the last note, when

Gow, who had an arrow in his side all the time, found himself unable to go any farther, and on pulling out the shaft from his body, expired, a noble sacrifice of true fidelity to his master.

“Our pilgrim footsteps near the Foyers’ falls,
And plunge within the gorge, dárk, deep, and stern.”

Note 27, page 68.—After the steamboat passes through the locks of the canal at Fort Augustus, she goes on till about the middle of Loch Ness, and there remains for an hour, to allow passengers to see the Falls of Foyers, who, on landing, can have a coach, or foot it up hill and through the wood for about a mile, where there is a person at the entrance of the falls, who points out your way to the ridge of a rock, jutting out and facing the lower and largest fall, as it pours down a tremendous precipice of about a hundred feet, straight up as a wall, and polished with the endless wear of the water, falling down like snow flakes in spray to the deep cauldron beneath you, with a loud and ceaseless din, where around you the rocky, rude scene is relieved from its solitary horrors by the adornment of trees, bushes, and briers, nodding on the brinks of cliffs, crevices, and overhanging crags. The Falls of Clyde have a much larger sheet of water, but the scenery around them, though very grand, is tame in comparison to the sublimity and terrific grandeur of this awful gulf, dun, deep, rough, and yawning like the crater of a silent volcano, so that it is impossible for the dullest mind to look on unimpressed, and leave unpraised a scene whose wildness lives with the memory, and is ever with the imagination, as it rushes before us down that awful gorge, fearful and awe-striking, even when decked with nature’s verdure and summer foliage.

“We love to gaze on venerable piles
That stood the brunt of battle, and its siege.”

Note 28, page 69.—After you pass the stately old Castle Urquhart, the ruins of which would build up a rustic hamlet, you come gradually out of the wild wilderness of mountain scenery, and on approaching the town of Inverness, are struck with the fruitful change that surrounds you, where verdure, cultivation, rich pasture lands, and waving heavy grain fields, in season, are ripening to the harvest of full abundance. To the right you see where

Culloden Moor, the outer portions of which are yielding up their bareness to the skill and perseverance of the agriculturist, in due time to give their share to the harvest of plenty. After you have viewed the town of Inverness, and taken a prospect of the country from the Castle Hill, where once stood the stronghold of Macbeth, the murderer of Duncan, if you wish to see the field of Culloden you have six miles of ground to go over, on a gradually rising slope, but a good road, before you reach the place where the battle was fought, on the brow of the rising ground, where it begins to incline toward the river Nairn. The road from Inverness runs through the place, and skirts the line of graves and trenches where the dead were buried. It is situated in the middle of a plantation, and a wall is built round the places of interment on each side of the road, and on the left side going from Inverness there is a cairn, with a number of stones laid down around it, in order in some future time to erect it in due form. On one of the stones is painted an inscription, stating that the cairn is erected in memory of those who fell in the cause of Prince Charles Stuart, at the battle of Culloden, fought on the 16th April, 1746, and, on reflection, one is prompted to say, after surveying the scene, "Here was sealed for ever the fate of the Pretender, a man whose open, frank, unaffected and winning manners captivated the hearts of all those who approached his person, which roused in his cause a spirit of enthusiasm in the minds of the clansmen to a height never reached before by the followers of any of his predecessors; yet, when looking back on the religious intolerance of the Stuart race, who made it a rule that all their people should worship as they did, and viewing, as we now do, the broad scope of religious and political freedom enjoyed by us, which never, we fear, would have been granted by them, had they again succeeded to the throne, we think that few are now to be found at this advanced age who are sorry for the result achieved at the battle of Culloden Moor." When leaving this place of graves and returning to Inverness the scene in the Moray Firth is before you, where, sloping down from the green hills and ridges, wave the fields of corn and pasture, and the gorgeous ranges of wooded landscapes and cultivated beauty are strewn on the magnificent shores on either side, teeming with the luscious produce of the gardener and stores of the husbandman, where the splendour of lowland and stern grandeur of mountain scenery, where the mirrored firth, calm as a

sheet of glass, is sweeping between the valleys and streams that pour their ceaseless waters in her tide, and where the combination of bold mountain range afar of and the variety of warm and cultivated effect, giving relief to sterile rocks and peaks, make up a scene exquisitely grand. There, beneath you, nestles the old royal and romantic town of Inverness, the place of many stirring incidents since the days of King. Duncan till the time when Prince Charles and the Duke of Cumberland slept each after the other in the same house of Lady Drummair, in Church Street, to meet mortal foes, and decide for ever the claims of the houses of Stuart and Hanover.

CANTO III.

“But I must on, o’er many a mountain path,
Lo ! here are Athol’s hills of old romance.”

Note 29, page 73.—After leaving Inverness you pass through many a weary mile of bleak barren moorland, great portions of which may yet, in the hands of the cultivator, yield their stores of plenty. Afar off rise the long range of the Athol mountains, whose peak tops are crowned with mist in the regions of the sky. Here on your way, when passing along within a mile and a-half of Kin-gussie, and close to the highway from Inverness to Perth, there is a subterranean artificial cave, which was in olden times made by a gang of banditti, said to be a band of the barbarous hordes who after the fall of the Cumyns infested the wilds of Badenoch. This den of the robbers remained long undiscovered, being concealed from view by a cottage, built by them at its entrance, and occupied by two forbidding hags, hated by all who knew them. It so happened that those lawless villains of the cave once robbed and abused one of the clan MacPherson, who swore to be revenged on the ruffians, and in order to find out their hiding place, put on the habiliments of a beggar who, when seeking alms from door to door, watched the movements of all those who came under his suspicion. On arriving at the cottage of the two women above referred to, the repulsiveness of the hags and their movements attracted his attention so much that he resolved by some means to take up his quarters there for the night, but knowing that some extreme stratagem must be resorted to in order to effect his purpose, he entered the cottage,

and, pretending to be seized with fearful and tormenting pains, both in his stomach and all over his body, earnestly implored to be allowed to lay himself down on some straw, in a far off corner of the house, to which request the women, with much ado, at last complied. He, after laying himself down, commenced rolling himself and groaning, with apparent agony, but still keeping his eye on the two women, who were baking oaten cakes at night till a late hour, and which, when finished and fired, were placed in the bottom of a wooden press in the wall, and instantly disappeared. Being thus satisfied that the press concealed the entrance to some secret den he, with great cunning, in the morning expressed himself as much better, thanked his entertainers, and departed ; but when he reached home he communicated his suspicion to his neighbours, told them the particulars of his night's adventure, till at last a strong body of armed men gathered round him to ferret out the robbers, who had long been a standing terror to the country. On arriving at the place they surrounded the cottage, and on discovering the mouth of the den, set fire to a quantity of wood they had gathered, and were suffocating the savages who, unable to bear their tortures, rushed out one by one, and were instantly put to death by the weapons of their tormentors. James MacPherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, was a native of the parish of Kingussie, where this cave is, and purchased there the estate of Raitts, said to have been paid from the profits of these sublime poems. After you have passed the beautiful village of Blair Athol you come between that and Dunkeld, to the celebrated pass of Killiecrankie, where the rocks, like cliffs, range themselves in some parts of that narrow gorge, and throw a shadow on each other so dark that the deep vale of the Garry is in an everlasting night. On the new road cut along the face of the ridge on the left side of the river the hills tower above you, and on the other side you hear the Garry deep down beneath you, roaring and rolling on its way unseen through the thicket of trees and briers, overhanging in wild profusion, and clinging tenaciously in every fantastic form to the rocks and crags, where the river far down occasionally bursts into view as you go on your way, and seems as if it were leaping over a cliff into a cauldron, foaming and boiling below. The pass is considered to be about two and a-half miles long, and before the new road was cut was the most dangerous way of going into the Highlands in Scotland. On the

27th July, 1689, General Mackay marched with his army from Dunkeld, where they had encamped for the night, and struggled through this pass with his men, amid all its horrors, where the footpath verging over a fearful precipice, and threatening death at every step was all the way that led through that dingy wild gorge. Yet there after he had gone through, he arranged his men in order of battle, in a plain at the foot of the ascent to Dundee's position, who had his Highlanders in a rising ground, all in rank and ready for action. When the engagement commenced the Highlanders stripped themselves to their shirts, and with their heads bent forward to escape the fire of musketry pouring upon them, came on targe and sword and axe in hand, till when close to the enemy they set up loud shout, with one rush came down upon them before they had time to fix their bayonets, and with the impetuosity of the shock drove all before them, while Dundee made a furious charge at the head of his horse, and broke through Mackay's battalion. Thus the battle raged till Mackay, who was on a rising ground, seeing a party about to be lost, called on his cavalry to follow him, and putting spurs to his horse, rode through the enemy; but when turning round to see if they had followed him, found to his astonishment that both armies were out of sight, having gone down rolling and struggling in the grasp of each other to the river Garry, where his baggage stood. In the meantime Dundee, after he had charged at the head of his cavalry, received a musket shot in his right side fell from his horse mortally wounded, and expired, and thus, though victorious in that field of battle, by his death fell the hopes of the king and his cause for ever in Scotland.

"Oh! shade of murdered Brown, behold the end—
Thy worth is honoured, he had scarce a friend."

Note 30, page 74.—At the little hamlet of Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, on May 1st, 1685, John Brown, a worthy Covenanter, was seized by the king's troops, at the end of his own house, early in the morning. On Isabel Weir, his wife, having been told of the circumstance by one of the children, she snatched up the infant in her arms, and when going out heard the blood-claverhouse commanding her husband to prepare instantly for death. *The good man* obeyed the summons to die in the cause of his Re-

deemer and religious liberty, and having delivered up his last prayer, he took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, then stood ready, and was shot by Claverhouse who, when he had committed the base deed, exclaimed in a taunting manner, "What think'st thou of thy husband now, woman." "I ever thought muckle guid o' him," said she, "and noo I think more o' him than ever; but how will ye answer for this morning's wark." "To man," he replied, "I can be answerable, and as for God, I will take him in my own hands." With these words the remorseless assassin left her, and rode hastily off. She then bound up her husband's head, covered his body with a plaid, drew her children to her, and wept bitterly over him.

"My foot is on Kinnoul's long famous hill,
My eye is on the field of Luncarty."

Note 31, page 76.—About the year 909, Kenneth III. fought a battle with the Danes at Luncarty, which was keenly watched by a ploughman and his two sons, of the name of Hay, who seized the yoke of the plough and other tools at hand, and, crossing the Tay, threw themselves with such fury on the Danes that the Scots, who were wavering and about to retreat, rallied with renewed vigour and won the day. For this brave action on the part of Hay and his sons, an Assembly of the States soon decreed to give him the choice of the hound's course or the falcon's flight of land. He chose the latter, and the falcon was let off from a spot on the Hill of Kinnoul pointed out to this day, and flew to a point a mile south of the house of Errol, alighting on a stone which is still called the hawk's stone. From the Castle of Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire was brought the black coronation stone of Scotland, and kept in the Palace of Scone till it was sent to London by Edward I., and thus was literally fulfilled in after time the remark of—*Ubi palladium, ubi Scotiæ imperium*. From this spot on Kinnoul Hill you have a view of a landscape far stretching down the sweep of the majestic Tay, over the broad fertile plain of the Carse of Gowrie, teeming with opulence and decorated with arbours and gardens of fruits and flowers, the exquisite richness of wood and strath, and the picturesque beauty of luxury and magnificence which adorns with elegance the face and features of lovely and smiling nature, combining with chasteness a gorgeousness of cultivation peculiarly her own.

“Fair Bertha, of a long unsullied name,
From storms and changes of a thousand years.”

Note 32, page 77.—In 1336 in the Church of St. John, Perth, Edward III., whilst standing before the high altar, was joined by his brother John, Earl of Cornwall, who made it his boast that he had just returned from completing a journey of desolation in the West of Scotland, and had burned the churches where many of the women and children had fled to claim protection under the sacred altar, and thus, by such means of destruction, put an end to the mothers and rising progeny of their enemies. The king, on hearing from his own lips the report of his brother's dastardly conduct, indignantly reproached him in very severe terms for his cruel and savage behaviour and, on receiving a disdainful reply, plunged a dagger in the body of the noble ruffian, which laid him dead at his feet. The place where the old altar was is shown you where this deed was done. The church is divided into three places of worship, the east, west, and middle churches; the east church is elegant and substantial, in which is seen the tombstone of James I., who, in 1337, was murdered in the Blackfriar's Monastery by Walter, Earl of Athol, and his kinsmen, Robert Stewart and Robert Graham, who, after being tortured, were both put to death. In this church is a fine gothic window of coloured glass, beautifully designed, and of excellent workmanship. After you have seen the fine picture of Dr Chalmers, in which that eminent divine is represented in the attitude of preaching to a congregation of earnest listeners, you may go up to the steeple by a winding stair, from which place you obtain a commanding view of the surrounding scenery, and the whole of the Fair City below your feet. In the North Highlands a bitter contention for the chieftainship of the clan Chattan lasted for centuries, between the clans MacIntosh and MacPherson, of Cluny. The chief of the clan was originally Cluny MacPherson, but at one time, by disputes and discords, they got divided so much that the clan Chattan had separated from one another, and formed themselves into distinct tribes, each acknowledging a chief of their own. In the course of time many quarrels broke out between the several branches of that once powerful clan, and in order to remove the cause of this *ceaseless strife*, the Scottish Government enacted that one chief *should be appointed by warrant of the king, to be the head and*

leader of all the different branches of the clan; accordingly this honour was conferred upon one Shaw MacDuff, who had married Eva, the daughter and heiress of Donald Dall, their departed chief. Shaw having thus been raised to the head of the clan Chattan, assumed the name of MacToiseach, which means first man, and from whom the MacIntoshes were descended. Cluny MacPherson made clear his descent from the original chiefs previous to this appointment by the government of Shaw MacDuff, and would not yield his right to the chief of the MacIntoshes; this controversy was at its height, when the MacPhersons and MacKays, two branches of the clan Chattan, who had long kept up a deadly hatred to each other, were summoned before King Robert III., to decide their quarrels for ever, by appointing thirty men on each side, to meet on the North Inch of Perth, and fight out their differences, the Earl of Dunbar and the Earl of Crawford having failed to effect a reconciliation between them. Accordingly, on a day appointed in the year 1396 the two parties met in presence of the king and queen, and a large body of the nobles, but, one of the MacPhersons having deserted, they were left short of a man, and the king, viewing this odds in their number, was about to disperse their meeting, when a little crooked man named Henry Wynd, a burgher and armourer in Perth, sprang within the enclosed circle, and cried, "Here am I, will any one fee me to engage with these hirelings in this stage play. For half a merk will I try the game, provided if I escape alive I have my board of one of you so long as I live." This demand of the crooked smith was granted by the king and nobles; a furious conflict at once commenced, the armourer, bending his bow, sent in the first arrow, and killed one of them. The combatants closed with one another, and with sword, dirk, and battle axe, a fearful scene of slaughter ensued, till victory was at last declared for the MacPhersons, twenty-nine of the MacKays having fallen. Nineteen of the MacPhersons were killed, and the ten remaining were severely wounded. Henry Wynd and only one of the clan MacKay were left unhurt. In reference to this combat the following paragraph appeared in the *London Scotsman* of May 1, 1869:—

CLAN BATTLE ON THE INCH AT PERTH.—The Rev. Mr Shaw, Forfar, in "Appendix to Memorials of the Clan Shaw," acknowledges having received from Thomas Dickson, Esq., of the Register House, Edinburgh, the following entry, hitherto unpublished, in

the accounts of the Lord Chamberlain :—"In the *Computum custumariorum bugi de Perth*, 26th April to 1st June, 1397, the Customars of Perth take credit for a payment of £14 2s 11d for the erection of the lists within which the combat—the famous clan battle before the King and Court on the Inch at Perth—took place. 'Et pro meremis, ferro et factura clausure sexaginta personarum pugnancium in Insula de Perth.' How does this matter-of-fact entry enable us to realise what to many has only the appearance of a historical romance !"

"Now peering through a dim and dusky cloud
Loom high the tower and churches of Dundee."

Note 33, page 80.—The view of Dundee from the river Tay, with the Law and Balgay hills rising majestically behind her, and the verdant trees of nature displayed to the morning sun is exceedingly attractive, bold, and beautiful. Dundee is a royal burgh, and could once boast of her Mint and King's Palace, where it is asserted lived Carinthius, King of the Picts, and David I., who, with his court, were there converted to Christianity. It was also the residence of several Scottish kings, and was the place where in the 12th century David, Prince of Scotland, brother to William the Lion, landed on his return from the crusades, where he built a large and gorgeously decorated church, together with the great massy tower, now the oldest erection and most prominent feature in that ancient burgh, which in its time has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, having been twice taken and plundered by Edward I., and burned to the ground, yet its citizens, under the banner of Wallace and Bruce, subsequently achieved many deeds of valour to crush the usurper, who had so ruthlessly trampled on the liberties and ruins of their native town. In 1385 Dundee was burned again by the Duke of Lancaster, from whose devastations it rose again to prosperity and affluence, and was at the time of the Reformation the first town in Scotland which openly renounced its adherence to Popery, from which circumstance it received the title of the second *Geneva*. It was again set in flames in the reign of Edward VI., in the time of the Protector Somerset, and in the reign of Charles I. the Solemn League and Covenant was renewed in Dundee, and a

force assembled in it under the Marquis of Montrose to invade England ; but that able general abandoned their cause and afterwards took it by assault, and reduced part of it to ashes. Next, in 1651, General Monk had a severe contest with the inhabitants beneath its walls, but at last having taken it, he left it to the entire plunder of his soldiers, and rewarded the bravery of its defenders by a merciless and indiscriminate slaughter, which foul deed disgraced their arms, and procured for Monk the character not of an able and generous conqueror, but that of a butcher, and injured the cause of Cromwell, his master, in the estimation of well-thinking minds over all the country. Yet from all these fearful calamities Dundee, by the public spirit and industrial perseverance of its inhabitants, soared like the phoenix from its ashes, till it now ranks amongst the first towns of commercial importance in the country. From the Baxter Park, a beautiful public pleasure ground given to the people of Dundee by Sir David Baxter, a most imposing prospect is before you, where busily sweeps every size and class of sailing craft on the bosom of the German Ocean, and in the distance is the long green range of the Fife hills and cultivated vales where, overlooking its coast, stands the venerable city of St Andrews amid its stately ruins, basking in the sun of each day's meridian glory, and where around you the wheels of industry are aiding prosperity to bring comfort to many a peaceful home, displaying a happy contrast to the sorrows which afflicted her when wars and civil commotions distracted the country in the iron ages of the past.

“Halt ! for this eminence is classic ground—
The sunny plains of Paradise are here.”

Note 34, page 81.—The history of Stirling is replete with events. Since the period of the Roman invasion and onwards in the course of time it was long the seat of Royalty and the place where the Scottish Parliaments were held by her monarchs and nobles, and was often the scene of stirring commotions before and since the days of the famous victories obtained in her vicinity by Wallace and Bruce. Here in her spacious castle James II. was born ; and here, in after years, William, Earl of Douglas, having at the entreaties of that monarch appeared before him, on being requested by the King

to break the league which existed between him and the Earl of Ross and Crawford, refused to do so and return to his allegiance. The king then drew a dagger, and saying, "If you will not break this league I will," plunged the weapon in the body of Douglas, who fell and expired at his feet. Here James V. was born and crowned, and made himself famous by his many adventures as the Gaberlunzie man and the Guidman of Ballangeich, which caused him to be much beloved by his people; and in 1543 Queen Mary was crowned here when but an infant of about nine months old; and here also, on the 15th December, 1566, James VI. was baptized with great pomp and sumptuous parade, and in 1567 after his coronation in the church he was carried to the castle amid a procession of courtly blazonry and display of royal regalia, and was afterwards under the tuition of George Buchanan, that famous scholar, who while in Stirling wrote his History of Scotland. At the time of the Reformation Stirling was in a constant ferment while it was the headquarters of the Lords of the Congregation, but to narrate the events in connection with that ancient burgh would fill up a work of volumes, so we shall leave that subject to better-informed scholars and proceed to give, so far as our limited abilities will enable us, a loose and general sketch of the surrounding country. There are two fine positions for taking a view—that from the Abbey Craig and the Castle—but the latter commands a better view of the field of Bannockburn, where rise the Gillies and Sauchie Hills, near to which James III. was assassinated in Beaton's Mill, after falling from his horse in his flight from the battle of Sauchieburn, fought on the 11th June, 1488, between that monarch and his insurgent nobles. On the other side of the castle your eye lights on the bold Abbey Craig, standing like a monarch in the plain, where the gentle Forth meandering wends on through the mazes of loveliness, gracefully linking round her serpentine course, and curving her way as if through a paradise of roses in that broad plain of loveliness. There is no view in Scotland where the sublime is contrasted with the beautiful, the majestic with the luxuriant, the bold with the cultivated, the romantic with the chaste and picturesque, and the rugged and wild with the fertile, as in that panorama of embellishments and groupings of beauty displayed in the diversity of richness, grace, and gorgeousness in that noblest of *Caledonia's* landscapes.

“Over creation boundless comes the day,
In rich magnificence around and round.”

Note 35, page 89.—If on leaving Stirling the tourist has a desire to see Ben Lomond, or rugged pass and mountain scenery, he can go by train to Callander, then by coach to where Ben Ledi and Ben Voirlich raise their lofty heads, and Ben Venue and Ben Awn tower on each side above the wild romantic Trossachs, there to gaze on the piled-up shapeless rock blocks of that rough, wild, bosky gorge, shaggy, dark, and deep, so graphically described by the masterly genius of Sir Walter Scott. After going through that mountain pass, the traveller comes to the famed Loch Katrine, where he can have a steamboat, which passes down that beautiful sheet of water, viewing Helen's Isle, and the scene of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful romantic poem of the Lady of the Lake. After leaving Loch Katrine, he finds another coach which takes him near to Inversnaid; there he again gets a steamboat down Loch Lomond, where, on his left, rises the stupendous Ben Lomond, and on his right the mountains of Arrochar. The loch here is narrow, but gets wider as you go on to Rowerdennan, where there is an inn, in which you can remain all night, and ascend the mountain in the morning. The best time to see clearly from the top is about the end of August or beginning of September, when the hills are clear of mist. From the inn to the summit is six miles. The queen of Scottish lakes is at your feet, spread out like a sea of islands; in the distance Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Stirling, the vale of Clyde, Ben Nevis, Ben Cruachan, the mountains of Argyle, and a thousand hills strewed tumultuously o'er that vast wilderness of wildness, where all the grandeur, sublimity, magnitude, pomp, and majesty of Nature carry the mind beyond itself, elevated above all the cares and toils of this nether world, into a region of imaginative pleasure, which is seldom one's lot to experience in his journey through the dim vale of life.

FINIS.





